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JACK MINER

A FEW HIGHLIGHTS OF JACK MINER'S CAREER AND ACHIEVEMENTS

APRIL 10, 1865 — NOVEMBER 3, 1944

On April 10, 1865 when the late Jack Miner was born in Dover Centre, Ohio, a suburb of Cleveland, little did his parents realize that his life and career when he died on November 3, 1944 some seventy-nine years later that over five thousand messages of sympathy would reach his family — messages from Kings, Queens, Presidents, Governors, Prime Ministers, preachers and statements from the man on the street. The U.S. newspapers through a poll had rated him the fifth best known man in private life on the continent with only Ford, Edison, Lindbergh and Rickenbacker preceding him.

In 1904 when he was but thirty nine years of age when he created or founded his Bird Sanctuary which bears his name, little did he realize that today some sixty one years later it would have proven such a successful conservation program that the U.S. Federal Government would have created 280 such refuges consisting of seventeen million acres. This does not include the Provincial and State Game Preserves. If anyone doubts this statement check the dates of your local refuge system and see if any precedes the date of February 1904.

In 1909 he conceived the idea of banding waterfowl; we say conceived because it was definitely original with him because in August 1909 he banded a mallard duck by putting an aluminum band on its leg which bore Jack Miner's Post Office Box number in Kingsville and on January 10, 1910 it was shot by Dr. W. E. Bray of Anderson, South Carolina. This constitutes the first complete record of when a duck was banded and when and where shot.

In 1915 after having banded over 50,000 ducks, mostly surface feeding ducks, he turned his mind and thoughts to catching and banding Canada Geese. Being the first man to band mass numbers of ducks he looked for greater fields by studying the migration of this the largest game bird in America, the Canada Goose. He had to invent his own nets to trap them which meant he rebuilt his trap twenty times. Today, 1965, there have been banded some 60,888 Canada Geese and recaptured 40,000 geese that had been previously banded over the fifty years of banding at the Jack Miner Sanctuary.

All these banding records were given to the Federal Governments of both U.S. and Canada which especially in the early years were used solely to enable the Government officials to determine where to create sanctuaries or refuges where any excessive kill took place.

In 1906 only two years after he had inaugurated and built his Sanctuary and planted 53,000 trees and shrubs the press had featured his activities so much in syndicated articles that the largest paper in Minneapolis referred to him as "the father of the Conservation movement on the continent."

In 1910 with only three months' education and what he had learned about Nature was first hand by being in the open fields, he started on lecture tours to raise money to finance his conservation program and believe it or not for thirty years between the years 1910 - 1940 he filled the largest auditorium in both U.S. and Canada and on several occasions the late Hon. Alfred Smith when he was Mayor of New York and later Governor of New York State introduced him (Jack Miner) as "The Billy Sunday for the Bird family." One of his last speeches in U.S. was in Chautauqua auditorium where there were 8,000 paid admission and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra furnished the music; while in Winnipeg in 1923 he spoke to 13,000 people in three days. The family of the late Jack Miner feels the crowning speech of his career was on April 9th, 1927 when Hon. Herbert Hoover, President of the U.S., was guest of honor at the Izaak Walton League banquet in the Sherman Hotel, Chicago and whom did they choose as their guest speaker? None other than Jack Miner. Many people feel

that the enthusiasm he raised through his lectures was his greatest contribution to International Conservation.

In 1929 Jack Miner was awarded the Outdoor Life Gold Medal "for the greatest achievement in Wild Life Conservation on the Continent during 1929 — Eastern Award", the first time the award was given a Canadian.

In 1936 when King George V of Great Britain was observing his 25th Anniversary as reigning Monarch of the British Empire, the House of Lords and House of Commons in London, England, arranged a world wide radio program on which the King spoke and was followed by a citizen in every country of the Commonwealth. Jack Miner was chosen to give the five minute address on his theme of Conservation. While Jack Miner sat in his home in Kingsville, Ontario to give the address the Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, sat in the Canadian Parliamentary Chambers, both hooked up to the world wide broadcast, and introduced Jack Miner as "Canada's beloved Naturalist." This five minute address by Jack Miner brought letters of praise by the thousands from sixty-five countries throughout the civilized world.

In the late 30's when Senator David Croll was Mayor of Windsor, His Majesty King George VI and Her Majesty the Queen visited Windsor, Ontario. Hon. David Croll named Jack Miner as honorary chairman of the welcoming committee. About a quarter million (250,000) people lined the banks where the train was to pass through, with loud speakers having been erected every one hundred feet. At the appointed time Jack Miner took his place on the reception platform and as the train was three hours late the Mayor announced over the loud speaker that Jack Miner our beloved Naturalist had arrived to help welcome their Majesties. As this was announced over the loud speakers that mass crowd rose to their feet and the next day the Detroit newspapers and press of the land carried these headline words: "Jack Miner, Canada's Most Famous and Beloved Naturalist Given Ovation of a King."

In June, 1943 one year before Jack Miner's death the King of England, King of the British Empire and King of the Commonwealth, bestowed upon Jack Miner the O.B.E. (Order of the British Empire) with a citation which read: "For the greatest achievement in Conservation in the British Empire."

On April 17, 1947 as Jack Miner's national monument the members of the house of Commons and Canadian Senate created by a special act of Parliament what is known as National Wild Life Week when during the week of April 10 which was Jack Miner's birthday all schools, colleges, universities, sportmen's organizations, audubon societies, churches, service clubs observe the week as an educational week in memory of Jack Miner whom the Hon. Leslie Frost, Q.C., LL.D., D.C.L., Prime Minister of Ontario, referred to as "Canada's greatest Naturalist".

In the April issue 1949 of Canadian Forest and Outdoors Dr. Harrison F. Lewis then Chief of The Canadian Wild Life Service said (quote) "The most famous name in the annals of Canadian Wild Life Conservation is that of the late Jack Miner. Jack Miner enjoyed wild creatures, he thought and acted to meet their needs and he made outstanding use of his exceptional gift to enlist several millions of people as supporters of Wild Life Conservation. Much of the present day recognition of the value of Wild Life Conservation stems from the work of Jack Miner".

On April 10, 1965 — the 100th Anniversary of Jack Miner's birth — The Essex County Historical Society in conjunction with the Archives and Historical Society of the Province of Ontario erected a bronze plaque or marker at the Jack Miner Sanctuary.

*When the geese come back in the Spring
And they learn that their friend has gone,
I wonder will they take to wing
And try to follow him on?*

*When they look for their friend again
As they've done in the years before
Will they stay with us who remain
Or seek him the wide world o'er?*



*They loved him, the young and the old,
Wild geese and the whistling swan!
What then, when the flocks are told
The man who was kind is gone?*

*There were hunters wherever they flew,
And snares for the careless wing.
Now, they'll grieve for the friend they knew
When the birds come back in the Spring.*

EDGAR A. GUEST

JACK MINER'S PHILOSOPHY

by

Margaret Wade



If one is asked to think of the men of various nations to whose genius the whole world now lays claim, the names that first come to mind are those of the scholars of ancient Greece such as Pythagoras, Plato and Aristotle; but coming nearer, and into, our own times we acknowledge, from Germany, the musicians Bach, Beethoven and Brahms, the educator Froebel, and the scientists in their differing fields, Rontgen and Einstein; from France, Braille, de Lesseps, Pasteur and the Curies; from the United States, Burroughs, Edison and Burbank; from Canada, Sir Chas. Saunders, Sir William Osler and Sir Frederick Banting. The chief distinction held by all of these is not merely the high degree of learning they attained by personal study along original lines. It is, rather, the benefits which that learning has conferred upon the whole body of their fellowmen. In that direction—study along original lines and consequent benefits conferred—the Canadian naturalist, the late Jack Miner, O.B.E., takes his place beside the others.

For approximately the last twenty-three years of his life, I was well acquainted with Jack Miner, had the opportunity of assisting him on many occasions in the preparation of his writings for publication and—so his family informs me—more than any other individual was permitted to interview him. In this way I became fairly well versed in his philosophy and enjoyed his rare talent for looking at a subject from some unexpected angle and expressing his opinions in an original manner. Indeed it seems to me that anyone given to any depth of thought must have recognized in his philosophy much that was unique; and this I find to be the case.

For instance, in 1926, Professor W. S. Milner, instructor in Greek and Roman History in the University of Toronto, pointed a similarity between Jack Miner's philosophy and the teaching of Aristotle; for, in preparing his final examination paper for fourth year students in the classics, that year, he set

this question: "Jack Miner says: 'If you are privileged to live in the country, you can make your home into a little earthly heaven by interfering with the balance of Nature, as some call it, but, as I deem it, assisting Nature.' What would Aristotle have to say?"

Professor Milner went on to say: "Jack Miner takes for his authority verses 21-26-28 in the first Chapter of the Book of Genesis, where it is written that God created everything, the fish of the sea, the fowl of the air, and so on; and said, then: 'Let us make Man in our image, after our likeness; and let Men have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the fowl of the air, over the cattle, and over all the earth and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.'" It would seem that this eminent teacher, Professor Milner, found a similarity in the philosophies of the ancient scholar and the modern naturalist.

Nor was he alone in this perception of the greatness of Jack Miner. Major Allan Brooks, for instance, was another of his admirers. Major Brooks was that world famous Canadian artist who spent practically his whole time in the open for the purpose of observing the birds and their habits in order that he might paint perfectly lifelike studies of them. After his death it was pointed out that in a number of the letters he had written, he had expressed himself as in complete agreement with Jack Miner on the latter's theory that it was left entirely to man to control and balance Nature, as set forth in the book of Genesis.

Many a time when interviewing Jack Miner I have heard him say: "Nature is wonderful — Man is more wonderful — God is most wonderful." On several occasions I have heard him say from the lecture platform: "Man is Nature's first assistant, or God's viceroy." And, "What is man without God?" he would ask. In his books and newspaper articles always he would write: "God put the birds and animals here for man's use and control."

It was his custom to illustrate his point in this way: "If the potato bugs attack my potatoes, or the lice attack my roses, I don't wait for God to send another bug or louse to destroy them, I use paris green." In this way, according to the ideas of some people, he was interfering with Nature. This rule he applied consistently. "God made the weed at the same time as He made the vegetable and the flower," he would say; "but if man didn't hoe the weeds out of his garden they soon would predominate and weeds would be all he would have."

He applied the same principle to bird life. He would say: "If there are one thousand ducks raised in a certain township and man shoots five hundred for food, then it is up to man to reduce the ducks' enemies in the same proportion—that is, the crows and such, that devour the ducks' eggs, the vermin that slaughter the ducklings, and all such enemies." It seems most logical that in this contention Jack Miner was right; because man already had interfered with Nature by shooting the ducks, therefore man must balance Nature or otherwise he is combining his destructive forces with those of the predators. Jack Miner always said, "The minute man put foot on American soil, discharged a gun and shot a bird, he interfered with Nature; thus, it is up to man to balance Nature."

"If the field mice are girdling your fruit trees," he would ask, "is man to wait for God to send a hawk, weasel or owl to kill the mouse; or if the coyotes and wolves begin to prey on your sheep are you supposed to kill the coyotes and wolves or sit back and say Nature will balance itself?" To him it seemed utterly ridiculous for the Provinces to attempt to get rid of wolves and coyotes, by paying a bounty, while at the same time they were protected in the Federal National Parks and anyone shooting one there would be prosecuted. It just didn't make sense. Jack Miner's idea was that the wolves should be shot, wherever located, and the deer be allowed to increase for humanity to see, alive; and, if the deer became too numerous in any given district, that the game wardens then reduce the herd and the meat be used as food in hospitals and state institutions.

A few years before Jack Miner died he was visited by a group of university students whom he described as "back-to-Nature theorists." They were discussing with him Nature's balance and pointed to the fact that in Kaibab Forest all the wolves and other predators were shot and, among the deer, only the bucks allowed to be hunted; and the result was that the deer became small and degenerate. How quick Jack Miner was to answer them! Because he had seen Kaibab Forest, of which these students had only read. He was able to explain a situation that, clearly, had been brought about by man's mismanagement. He said: "There are too many deer in the area for the grass, and other available food, to support. Man ought to reduce the herd, using the meat as food for humanity even though it is that of does and fawns, and not talk of bringing in wolves to effect this reduction. Most certainly the trees have all been browsed down. Why? Because a few 'back-to-Nature theorists' would not allow the herd to be shot and reduced in proportion to the amount of food which the Forest produces." One of the last interviews Jack Miner gave was on the situation as it concerns deer in Michigan, and he warned that if the authorities did not reduce the herd by allowing either hunters or game wardens to shoot a number, then the same situation would arise as already existed in Kaibab Forest. To be sure, a pack of wolves would quickly reduce the number of the deer. But is it not far better for humanity to have the venison for food than a ravening pack of wolves be allowed to run wild and kill for the mere sport of killing, leaving the meat to rot on the ground?

Jack Miner was a staunch member of the Humane Society; and because he was truly humane-minded he said, always: "It is more humane to allow a deer to be shot and given instant death, than

to let it, living, be torn to pieces by a horde of hungry wolves." "Or," he said, "isn't it far better for an aged mother-deer to be shot than that she should die of infirmity, her teeth dropping out so that she must die lingeringly of starvation?"

No wonder the late Irvin S. Cobb always referred to Jack Miner as "the greatest practical naturalist on the planet!" His theory and philosophy were sound. And he simply put into practice what he believed and taught.

This same group of Nature students said to him: "Look what man did to the Passenger Pigeon!—pigeons that blackened the skies—that were here by the millions!" Jack Miner said, "Yes. When man interfered with Nature by shooting those pigeons, as you say he did, then man ought to have reduced those birds and animals that preyed upon them in the same proportion. This, man failed to do; and carnivores and birds of prey increased out of all proportion to that which they fed upon." Man does not hunt these species as he does game birds, because game birds are good for food while the hawks, owls and rodents are not.

From the sportsman's point of view, and speaking of game birds, the English or ring-necked pheasant is one of the best illustrations of the success of artificial propagation. These birds all were imported from abroad, raised in captivity and liberated in various areas throughout North America; That is the only way in which they have come to be here—importation and increase through artificial care. Wherever they exist in great numbers they do so because of propagation under man's protection and subsequent liberation. Consider Pelee, in Lake Erie: No natural enemies of the pheasant of any kind exist on this small island, and the birds nest and live there undisturbed. As a consequence, in the autumn, for years, hunters have been taking an average annual toll of ten thousand birds. Look at the Dakotas, too: There, man, not God, propagated and liberated the pheasants.

During the last ten years of Jack Miner's life his mailbag was full of letters asking, "What happened to the duck?" Everybody was pointing his finger at the gun as the sole cause of their disappearance, but it was Jack Miner's habit to state from platforms clear across the continent that seventy-five percent of the eggs laid by the ducks never matured to adult birds. Of course the public ridiculed the statement; they did not know the situation as did he, and they did not want to believe the truth he was telling them. What he knew to be the case was this: The predators, such as crows, skunks, magpies, weasels, mink, northern pike and turtles, had increased out of all proportion to the number of ducks and destroyed seventy-five percent of all eggs or young ducks before they had any chance to hatch and mature. He knew whereof he spoke because, back in the late twenties, he crossed Western Canada seven times in five years, and saw what was happening. Crows, for instance, were so numerous that they were nesting on the telegraph lines. Had these destroyers been reduced by the hunters in the same proportion as the hunters were reducing the duck population, men would not now be asking, "What happened to the ducks?" Man simply combined his efforts with those of the birds and animals of prey instead of reducing the number of the latter as he destroyed the ducks.

I have been greatly interested in the September 1, 1947, issue of Conservation News, published in Washington. The statement is made, therein, that in the summer of 1947 a group of scientists visited the Canadian breeding grounds of the ducks, found several nests, and examined them from day to day. Of these nests watched, twenty-one percent were destroyed by crows, eleven percent by ground squirrels, and nine percent by skunks. In other words, forty-one percent of them were wiped out before ever the ducklings were hatched. The reader can estimate what percentage of the young would be devoured by snakes, turtles, hawks, owls, fish and other predators, after they were hatched. One is compelled to believe that Jack Miner's statement made twenty-five years ago was accurate and that, in truth, seventy-five percent of the duck eggs laid never produce mature birds to fly out of the country. The scientists are to be congratulated for their research work and for making public their findings. Jack Miner, like other scientists and philosophers of earlier days, made an unpopular pronouncement which has been vindicated by time; he, too, was years ahead of his time.

As Jack Miner always pointed out, this idea of interfering with Nature or upsetting Nature's balance, as you call it, but as he called it assisting Nature, cannot rightly be applied in only one field of thought or endeavor. "It has to apply all the way down the line," he would say. If it did not, then one could not justly use artificial fertilizer on his lawns and fields; one couldn't re-stock streams with fish; one could not operate a sanctuary and provide for birds a place of safety; this, all, would be interfering with Nature. One couldn't kill a snake or a bedbug; one couldn't kill anything. He always said that when Christopher Columbus came to the American continent and first cut down a tree, he interfered with Nature; but that, as for himself, he was thankful that Christopher Columbus did come and that man has made North America a good place in which to live, and made it as God would have it made, not the wild, jungle-like continent it was before the white man came.

Jack Miner was definitely an outdoor, and original, Naturalist, as distinguished from the indoor, or student, type. His knowledge was gained from personal observation and deduction, not from the memorizing of data compiled half a century before his time and held in a book. He often related how, at the age of five years, he put pollywogs into cow-tracks, along a creek, and watched them develop into frogs. It was his continuous life in the open, and his long observation of the havoc wrought by the predators, that caused him to create his now world famous bird Sanctuary in 1904, where valuable birds could be protected not only from man but also from their natural enemies.

Jack Miner was in his eightieth year when he died. For the first forty years of his life he can be said to have lived entirely in the woods—that is, in a forested area that was in process of being cleared but gave ample opportunity to him as a hunter and observer of Nature in all its aspects. During the latter forty years, he not only was active on his Sanctuary, but also during this time he made special trips all over the continent—as far north as Alaska, as far south as Florida, east to Newfoundland, and west to the Pacific Coast. Between the years 1925 and 1935 he travelled seven times throughout Western Canada's drought section, and was familiar with this condition long before most people even had heard mention of drought there. For thirty years he went on lecture tours in order to raise money with which to feed the birds coming to his Sanctuary; and these lecture trips took him to every State, Provincial, Federal and National Park of both Canada and the United States. In this way he learned of game conditions, by actually seeing the game and its surroundings throughout the length and breadth of the continent. On several occasions during the thirty years that he lectured, he would be gone from his home for thirty days at a time, covering, perhaps, the Provinces of Western Canada, or two or three of the States of the U.S.A. He would deliver his lectures in the evenings; and this allowed him his days in which to study the game of the district, and the conditions of climate, food supply, and other animal life that might affect it. In the autumn, for fifty years in succession, he camped under canvas (always a new tent in the fall!) for the month of October and November; his camping sites were located from Lake Keepawa, in Quebec, to the Lake of the Woods in Western Ontario. During the summers he attended boys' camps from Camp Minaki to the Taylor-Statten camps in Algonquin Park. Indeed, it seems doubtful if any man ever spent more hours out of doors in various parts of North America than did Jack Miner. It was the widespread knowledge of conditions and variations in habits of birds and animals derived in this way that enabled him to speak with authority. He was, for instance, able to describe the habits and food of the marsh hawk living near a marsh in Wisconsin, as being in many respects just the opposite to those of a hawk of the same species living under differing conditions here in southwestern Ontario. He always said that an artist, who painted birds or animals, was a true naturalist, because such an artist was compelled to get out into the open and observe his subjects in action. In other words, no artist could paint a bird by sitting in an office, reading about it. It is for this reason that the late Major Allan Brooks, the Canadian artist—as well as other artists of note—agreed with Jack Miner on the subject of the control of predators. They, like Jack Miner, had seen for themselves the depredations of these birds and beasts of prey in their wild state.

Everyone sees the endless flocks of crows, migrating, day after day, in the fall; and as high as ten thousand hawks of various kinds have been viewed from the Miner home as they were migrating through to the southern States for the winter—more in numbers than all other birds counted together. Thinking of them, one is compelled to believe that Jack Miner was correct when he said: "Man has combined his destructive efforts with those of the birds of prey. Therefore, it is up to man to balance Nature by reducing the flocks of the birds of prey in the same proportion that man has reduced the game birds."

Remember always: Jack Miner's philosophy was not mere theory. One needs only to visit his home at Kingsville, Ontario, to realize how intensely practical he was and how completely he developed his philosophy in his physical surroundings. It is a lovely place—a small section of very ordinary earth made into a little heaven. Here, with his own hands, he planted fifty-three thousand evergreen trees. (Of course people told him they wouldn't grow in that particular soil; but he gave them special care and they did grow!) He hoed out the weeds from his gardens. In June the air is fragrant with the perfumes of the flowers he planted, the trees are filled with the songs of the many kinds of insect-eating birds that love to nest there, while continually during the spring months the song of the cardinal birds can be heard in the tree-tops about his home. Each spring and fall, hundreds and thousands of wild ducks and Canada geese (as well as a few of other species) visit this one small place where they have learned to find protection and welcome, winging in from the lake in the morning and returning there in the evening twilight. During the summer time, frogs and toads, which eat flies and insects, can be heard nightly croaking their evensong. So delightful has his place been made, by his system of assisting Nature that it is today one of the greatest tourist attractions in Canada. To those who criticize his philosophy: How many people does your place attract? Remember, this did not come about through any mere holding of a theory. Jack Miner had, first, to hoe the weeds out of his garden and kill the weeds of the bird family before his place could become the sanctuary of peace and beauty and joyous song which it is today.

In expressing his thoughts along this line, Jack Miner loved to close his address with the recitation of a brief poem written by Ida M. Thomas—a pungent bit of truth expressed in easy-to-remember verse. It is entitled, "Making a Garden":

Man ploughs and plants and digs and weeds,
He works with hoe and spade;
God sends the sun and rain and air,
And thus a garden's made.
He must be proud who tills the soil
And turns the heavy sod:
How wonderful a thing to be
In partnership with God!

Printed in Canada

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Predator Control

By Manly F. Miner

Eldest son of the late Jack Miner, Canadian Naturalist

Reprint from:
Fur-Fish-Game
October 1951 Issue
20 Cents per Copy
Columbus 15,
Ohio

SINCE I am now fifty years of age I can say with authority that as I grow older, more and more fully do I subscribe to the theory of game management propounded by my late father, and to his philosophy expressed in the following quotations from his writings:

- (1) "Nature is wonderful; Man is more wonderful; God is most wonderful."
- (2) "Man is Nature's first assistant, or God's viceroy. What is man without God, and what is God without man? They are—or should be—partners."
- (3) "God put the birds and animals here for man's use and for man's control. The same is true in regard to plant life. God made the weeds at the same time that He made the vegetables, but it is man's job to destroy the weeds so that the vegetables good for man can exist."

In this beautiful world we have two schools of thought on this point. One school is composed of those who believe that if a hunter shoots certain species of hawks, coyotes, or a timber-wolf, man is upsetting Nature's balance. That might be true if man never had shot a game bird or animal for food; but the minute man shoots a deer, man upsets Nature's balance, and it becomes his responsibility to reduce, in turn, the enemies of the deer in the same proportion. If a man shoots a half dozen ducks, for food, Man upsets Nature's balance unless he also slaughters the crows, and other enemies of the ducks, to a similar extent.

I shall never understand how it is that some students of Nature hold out for the protection of such predators as the great horned owl, or the common red fox, in localities where pheasants and upland game birds are so scarce that the hunter is allowed only two days' or a week's open season. A single specimen of the predators named would kill at least one game bird daily. Or let us put it this way: We have laws to restrict man's killing of game birds to two days in the year but at the same time protect those predators that commit the same act three hundred and sixty-five days a year!

The other school of thought consists of those with whom I desire to be classed, namely, the ones who believe in man's control. For illustration, if the potato vines

are attacked by potato bugs I believe in using Paris green, not in waiting for God to send some other insect to kill the potato bugs. It always has seemed foolish to me to see a group of sportsmen hopefully liberating young pheasants, hatched at a cost of hundreds—yes, thousands—of dollars, while the Game Commission, sitting in offices in the Capitol buildings, have no program for the control of predators and take the comfortable attitude that "Nature will balance itself". The fact of the matter is that here, at our Sanctuary, we have known one small weasel to kill thirty-two young pheasants in one night. Some people will say, "But that happened on a con-

particular locality, one of these features is more essential than the others; but in a general way, one is as necessary as the other. Certainly, all are highly needful. To illustrate my point: It would be foolish indeed to liberate pheasants in the Fall, where there was no food or natural habitat; because an ice-storm for instance, which would cover all food, would mean the annihilation of every pheasant within a week. It is equally ridiculous to liberate a flock of pheasants when some man in authority has the idea that you also have to have a great horned owl, coyote, fox, weasel, mink, with perhaps a few timber wolves thrown in, to balance Nature. Actually the balancing of Nature was all left with Man when God said, "Let man have dominion over all."

I said once, to two young university graduates who had specialized in Nature Study, when they were visiting our Sanctuary: "If the sportsmen liberate two hundred pheasants this spring, and the predators take fifty during the summer, will you have as many in the fall?" They both answered, "Yes; Nature will balance itself." The sad part of this is that both these young men are employed by the Canadian Federal Government in managing the destiny of our game. I cannot believe that the more pheasants the predators kill, the more pheasants you will have! I still think these young men ought to have majored in arithmetic rather than in wild life management.

I am proud to be a member of The Humane Society, and always have advocated the Buck Law. Yet when the does are allowed to grow so old that their teeth start to drop out, and when they are allowed to become so numerous that there is not sufficient food for all, so that they are dying of starvation from both these causes, then I feel I am far more humane in wishing to see a proportion of them shot for food for humanity. Also, I consider it infinitely more humane to shoot them than, as some people advocate, to import some timber-wolves into such an area, to tear these creatures to pieces, alive, and in that way to "balance Nature".

In one of our mid-western States a group of young biologists are trying a new experiment, namely that of training the farmers

(Continued on Page 4)

JACK MINER'S STATEMENT ON PREDATOR CONTROL

Jack Miner said: Where any Government has an active predator control system, and where man is allowed to shoot only the males of a species, game has always increased, even in the midst of a dense human population, to such an extent that the Government has had to declare an open season on the females as well, in order to reduce the herd or flock. Look at Michigan and Pennsylvania, where there are no timber wolves and a buck law is enforced; in the face of hundreds of thousands of hunters, an open season on the females has had to be declared to reduce the herds of deer to keep their number in check.

Look at Pelee Island, in Lake Erie, where there are no predators such as foxes, skunks, mink or weasels. In spite of the fact that hunters shoot thousands of cock birds annually, the pheasants on the Island become so numerous as to be a nuisance to farmers, who resorted to the practice of hunting the nests and breaking the eggs. Now the Government has had to allow hen pheasants to be shot as well as the cocks, in order to reduce the flock or at any rate keep it under control.

THE BOUNTY SYSTEM

The late Jack Miner said he always noticed the men who were not in favor of the bounty system on predators were in a good many cases not in favor of predator control at all and took the "do nothing" policy.

Jack Miner said he was in favor of the bounty system until the Government officials or some other individual found a better means of destroying the predators to the same extent or proportion man does and has killed the more valuable game.

For illustration, if there are one thousand ducks in a county and one thousands crows and man shoots one half the number of ducks for food then man should shoot one half the number of crows which are the ducks' enemy by eating their eggs.

Or he would say, "If there are one thousand deer in a county and five hundred timber wolves, if man shoots half the deer for food, then man should shoot one half the number of timber wolves which are the deer's enemies."

In other words, when man upsets Nature's balance it is up to man to balance same.

WILDLIFE MANAGEMENT

Jack Miner said: "The first lesson in wildlife management was for a student to set a hen and raise a brood of chickens, wild ducks or pheasants to maturity, and by that time he or she would believe in predator control." He would always add that "a man might go on to an agricultural college all his life but reading a textbook won't take the weeds out of one's garden or farm crop."

gested area—on a Sanctuary." My reply to that is: "The habit of a predator is the same outside such a game preserve as within its borders."

And in referring to pheasants, let me observe that recently a new school of thought has sprung up which is opposed to the propagation of this game bird. Even the editor of one highly respected conservation magazine appears to have adopted this attitude, for in a recent issue there was published a picture of pen-raised pheasants, which was captioned: "Money Wasted" I cannot agree with that opinion, because there would not be a pheasant in North America if man had not imported, propagated, and liberated them. I believe in propagation, plus predator control, and, in addition, food, shelter-belts and proper habitat provided. It may happen that in a

Let's Put Common Sense Into Conservation

By Manly F. Miner, eldest son of late Jack Miner — Canadian Naturalist

Reprint from May Issue 1954 — Northern Sportsman — Published at Dryden, Ontario — \$2.00 per year

As a preface to this article I would like to tell a short story.

During the last forty years of father's (Jack Miner's) life his closest friend was a man by the name of Mr. W. E. Saunders, brother of Dr. Charles Saunders of Marquis Wheat fame. This friend possessed all the academic degrees that could be bestowed upon him and while we had hundreds of biologists and ornithologists visit our sanctuary yet we considered Mr. Saunders the greatest authority of them all, such as knowing the scientific and Latin names of our song and insectivorous birds while on the contrary my late father only knew these birds by their habits.

Here is where these two men disagreed: Mr. Saunders claimed that man had exterminated the passenger pigeon, father then maintained if man had done that man should shoot certain species of hawks to the same proportion or else nature was out of balance. Father maintained if man shot red deer for food man should reduce the timber wolves to the same proportion. Mr. Saunders maintained that nature would balance itself while father maintained that man had upset nature's balance and it was up to man to balance same.

Here is the nice part of the story — these two men lived to be practically eighty years of age and they did not allow their difference of opinion to interfere with their friendly relationship. Mr. Saunders would honor us with three or four visits a year and in later years he and father would sleep together and discuss their views until early hours in the morning and one of the last friendly acts he did toward Mr. Saunders was to journey to London, Ontario and be the guest speaker at a testimonial banquet and pay tribute to this friend's Christian life.

The following article may be to some a controversial subject. If you do not agree with my views let's still remain friends and I will journey to your city and speak at your testimonial banquet. If you educated people feel I have been too abrupt in making myself understood or expressing myself just say to yourself, "He is not educated — and he does not have a Ph. degree in Wild Life Management."

From articles I have been reading lately I perceive that some leading scientists and inventors are using freely the words "common sense." This gives me real pleasure; because the application of common sense — the practical, reasonable way of doing something or arriving at a certain conclusion — was pre-eminently the way in which my father, the late Jack Miner, worked and made his success. Therefore, from long observation of the attribute in action, as well as learning that it is coming, once again, into favor, I am glad to be able to suggest: Let us put common sense into conservation.

Conservation, as the word is most

commonly used today, refers to national husbandry of resources such as wild life, water, timber, ore, and so forth. And since it is conservation of wild life to which I shall refer, I want to begin by bringing the thing to our own doorstep. In place of speaking of herds of deer or moose, let me say herds of dairy cattle; or instead of writing about flocks of pheasant, I shall choose the commonplace flock of barnyard fowl. If an owner wants his herd of cattle or his flock of fowl to increase, what does he do? He allows only the young males to be slaughtered. Only as a breeder desires to control — or in other words, reduce — his herd or flock does he permit the slaughter of the females.

Well do I remember what my father always said on this point.

"Wherever," he would say, "a buck law was in force (or only the males of the species allowed to be shot), and there was an active system or control of predators, even in the face of throngs of humanity and thousands of firearms, certain wild species will increase until the female has to be shot in order to reduce the herd or flock."

That statement is absolutely correct. And one does not have to go to any foreign country to find proof of it. For illustration, look at the State of Pennsylvania:

In the case of Pennsylvania you have a State in which live perhaps ten million people. Yet, by allowing the buck deer to be shot and permitting the existence of no predators such as timber wolves, the number of deer has increased until, in some counties, the females have had to be shot in order to reduce the herds to reasonable proportions. Look also at the condition existing in the State of Michigan. Michigan has only the occasional timber wolf. Much of it is densely populated and each fall hundreds of thousands of persons take out shooting licenses. Yet in spite of this slaughter by humans, in a few counties the number of deer has increased in the midst of humanity until the authorities will have to allow the females to be shot to prevent their dying of starvation. Deer in some localities are so numerous that once my father, standing on the slight eminence of a stump, saw nineteen in view at one time.

The very same principle that applies to chickens in one's poultry yard applies to ring-necked pheasants in the wild state. If rats, weasels, skunks, foxes and other predators are kept out of the yard and only the cock birds are killed off, man eventually has to slaughter the females to keep the flock under control. On Pelee Island, offshore a few miles from the Essex County mainland, in Lake Erie, pheasants, originally imported into this country, artificially propagated and released there, have found the surroundings favorable and thrive there in what is now a wild state. This island has no foxes to eat, chase or disturb the young or adult birds, nor skunks to

eat the eggs; no weasels to destroy the young. The result is that in spite of a yearly influx of hundreds of hunters who shoot thousands of cock birds each fall, and also the breaking up of nests by farmers to whom the extent of the flocks has become a nuisance, it has been necessary as well for the Government to permit shooting of the hen pheasants to reduce flocks.

Today we are hearing considerable talk about natural habitat. No one believes in natural habitat more than do we here at the Jack Miner Sanctuary. Since 1909, on the Jack Miner Sanctuary we have planted fifty-three thousand trees and fruit-bearing shrubs to provide natural habitat for upland game birds as well as for the song and insectivorous bird life that makes this its home in summer. But here again a lot of common sense has to be used. What may be needed in one locality may not be at all suitable in another.

In Northern Ontario there are millions of acres that afford a natural habitat for deer; yet deer are very scarce in many localities there because they are kept down by the depredations of the timber wolves. The only place in Ontario where deer are comparatively numerous is in localities that are quite thickly populated and where there are no wolves. In Ontario there are practically no hunters — that is, compared to the numbers in Michigan and Pennsylvania. Thus it is that my late father and the special Ontario Game Commission who spent the years of 1932 and 1933 making a survey of the situation at it relates to deer in Ontario, agreed that we had enough natural habitat, but that what we needed, if we wished to have more deer, was a more effective control system of our predators, to reduce the packs of timber wolves. Some men feel that we have to have timber wolves and other predators for the purpose of weeding out the weak and unfit individuals among the deer and other game species; but I say again: Look at Pennsylvania and Michigan and how game thrives for humanity if there are no predators.

A different condition exists in North Dakota, however. Let us look at that. Here is a State having no timber wolves, but within which the land has been cleared, year by year, until today a natural habitat program is needed. And not that alone, but also a program of artificial feeding, because of the severity of the climatic conditions. When the thermometer stays for a considerable period at a below-zero mark, and everything is covered with sleet and ice, no wild thing can survive unless it has a degree of shelter, and food, whether the food be planted and left on the stock or whether a feeding program be carried on, such as is done for the elk in Yellowstone National Park. I mention these two situations (that in Northern Ontario and a differing one in North Dakota) only to show that what might be

applicable — or even necessary—in one locality might not be at all suitable elsewhere.

Today we read much about the value of artificial propagation of the ring-neck pheasant. I am all for artificial propagation of the species because there would not be a solitary pheasant in North America today if man had not imported, bred and propagated the common pheasant. The same thing is true of many kinds of fish. There is many a stream and fresh water lake in North America today in which there would be no trout, no wall-eyed pike, had man not propagated them in hatcheries and liberated the young; but proper care had to be taken as to the quality of water and the type of stream or lake into which the fish were liberated. The same necessity for care concerning conditions is required in connection with pheasants. One might as well liberate a flock of pen-raised pheasants on the streets of Chicago or New York as take them to an open field where there is no food and no natural cover. Personally, I have always been opposed to an open season in the fall in the same locality where birds have been liberated a few months earlier. I feel that if a county, or township, is to have pheasants released, that no open season would be allowed in that area for at least twelve months; and at the same time a feeding and predator control program should be carried on. It would be ridiculous, it seems to me, to liberate a flock of pheasants near a den of foxes, and equally wasteful to rear and liberate them only to hold an open season in a few weeks when they might all be exterminated by hunters' guns.

Nearly a half-century ago, when my father created his Bird Sanctuary and started feeding and protecting birds, this was looked upon as his hobby. The hunters accused him of "protecting birds to die of old age." But the world gradually has become educated to the need for conservation, and today twelve prominent universities have courses in which students may major in what is called Wild Life Management. This field of training is very new as compared with the study of Medicine, Engineering, Chemistry, and so on; and when students visit our Sanctuary, I can usually tell from what university they have been graduated because, since Wild Life Management is a new subject, the universities themselves are not all agreed on certain points. Also, many have stressed the theoretical and neglected, or failed to recognize the importance of, the practical in their studies. The practical is exceedingly important in the study and management of wild life because, as pointed out in an earlier paragraph, what might be applicable in one place would be found by actual observation of wild life under local conditions, to be utterly inapplicable in another.

About fifty years ago, in the United States, a prominent ornithologist collected from taxidermists a number of stomachs of hawks of various species, and made an analysis of

their contents. These organs were secured from the taxidermists during the winter months, that being the season they were called on to mount the trophies. (No hunter ever sent in a hawk during the summer for the reason that the carcass would decay en route at that season). An intensive study was made of the contents of these stomachs, and the results of the analyses were compiled and put into book form. Students today look up to that book as a sort of hawk bible. They forget to take into consideration the limitations surrounding the collection of the materials on which the treatise is founded. In other words, they do not apply common sense.

For instance, one hawk is credited with eating gophers. Reading the book, only, one would conclude that the entire diet of that hawk was gophers; whereas if the statement had been made that it ate mammals the size of gophers, I think it would be more nearly correct. It makes no difference to a hawk whether its prey be a gopher, a red squirrel, or a young rabbit. Let us take the case of the marsh hawk. The book more or less gives this hawk a clean record. But what is their record from actual, practical observation? When my late father was conducting the lecture tours he made for many years, he passed through Wisconsin and Minnesota many times. When at liberty, during the day, he would visit marshes, woods, and farmland. On several of these occasions he found marsh hawks' nests; and examining the refuse about them, he saw that the entire diet of the young consisted of crabs, fish, and snakes. He found the same thing at marsh hawks' nests in Manitoulin Island. But here in Southern Ontario, especially in Essex County inland from the lake and marshes, the marsh hawk is one of the most destructive raptors we have, preying on such birds as the mourning dove and also on young chickens. Also consider the common sparrow-hawk, whose diet is supposed to consist of crickets and grasshoppers; yet when the Bob White quail are only the size of bumble bees, there is no more destructive enemy to them than the same sparrow-hawk.

Or, to illustrate my point even more clearly, look at the common crow. I believe that if a twelve-month analysis were made of the kind of food consumed by the crow it would show for nine months a diet of worms, beetles, grasshoppers, crickets, and such like; but the other three months would show a diet of other birds' eggs. One crow will devour hundreds of eggs during a season; yet if left to hatch and mature, each one of the young birds so destroyed would consume as many insects as the crow. With regard to game birds I have reason to believe (and the incidents that furnish that reason constitute a story in themselves!) that in the last twenty-five years the crows have destroyed more ducks and other game birds, than all the hunters' guns. Crows were so thick in Western Canada, even twenty-five years ago, that my father saw them nesting on the telegraph wires.

No one believes more than I do in scientific research. Our banding of ducks and geese, which we started in 1909, is research work. The game wardens are watching to see that your boy and mine are not taking fish under size; but scientific research finds that factories are so polluting streams in certain areas, that more fish are killed in this way than all that humanity was taking, both lawfully and unlawfully. And, regrettably, the fish killed by pollution merely die and add to the unhealthful condition, doing no one any good. Pollution of certain waters with oil has been the means of killing tens of thousands of waterfowl. Scientific research established these facts, so Lord forbid that I should insinuate any slightest argument against our scientific research men; but I do want to state, in all kindness, that I feel sure a large number of our graduates from these Wild Life Management courses are jumping too quickly to conclusions; and the sad part is that just because they hold these scholastic degrees, they are being employed by Game Commissions in various states and provinces, and are woefully lacking in practical experience. Indeed, many of them feel no incentive to enquire, observe and study from Wild Life itself. Recently I heard the Most Reverend Eugene M. Burke, C.S.P., S.T.D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology of the Catholic University of America, address the graduating class at Marygrove College in Detroit. He said: "A college degree does not say you are an educated person."

These university graduates all have their place; but I think we still need the brains of men who have spent twenty-five years in the field as game wardens and have seen the practical side of conservation.

In conclusion, allow me to illustrate what I have been trying to prove by an incident that happened when I was with my father-in-law one Saturday afternoon not long since. He had bought what we, as a family, call his "hobby farm." After that he had gone to our nearest Agricultural College and employed the honor graduate of that year to operate the farm. As we drove up the lane, we could hardly get to the house for weeds. The cornfield was so high with weeds that we could hardly see the corn. It was truly a "back to Nature" farm. In the house we found this farm manager and superintendent in his well-filled library, reading the latest agricultural magazines. What my father-in-law said to him was this: "William, all you learned at university, and all the books and magazines you are reading in this library, will not take the weeds out the corn."

Let us get all the education we can. Then let's add the learning—and put common sense into Conservation.

Reprint from May 1954 issue of the Northern Sportsman, published at Dryden, Ontario. For sale at all Canadian Newstands. D. E. Scott, Editor, Alex M. Wilson, Publisher.

in the proper setting of traps to catch coyotes and foxes, so that their livestock may be protected. That is very good for its purpose. I feel, however, that game wardens should have the same training and spend the same time in the control of the predators that prey on the wild game birds and animals. I think it would be far more reasonable that the increase in deer herds be utilized as food for humanity, than that these animal should be eaten, twelve months in the year, by the predators. In other words, the deer in that State are wild mutton, and the pheasants a species of wild barnyard fowl, just as essential to the needs of humanity as the domestic sheep, turkeys, chickens, etc. Let me put it this way: If there are one thousand head of deer in that State, and one thousand wolves, and this fall the hunters shoot five hundred deer for food, then someone should shoot, or trap, the same number of wolves. The same proportion of control, or control methods, should be applied to the enemies of the upland game birds; because if man takes his share of the edible wild-life for food, and no control measures are employed

against the enemies of the wild life, then Nature is out of balance. It is up to man to maintain the balance of Nature. In the name of God—and I say it reverently—let us apply common sense to this problem, and not so much nonsense.

When Christopher Columbus landed in North America and fired the first shot, he upset Nature's balance. As Mr. Harold Titus, the prominent writer on outdoor themes, said recently: "When the first steamship went up the Mississippi and blew its whistle, it interfered with Nature." Man has combined his killing of wild animals and wild birds with that of the predators, so that today Nature is all out of balance, and man is asking "What happened to the ducks?" Some thirty or more years ago, my father, the late Jack Miner, both in his writings and from the lecture platform, said this: That seventy-five per cent of the wild duck eggs laid in Western Canada, never matured to full-grown birds able to fly out of this country. Last year, some thirty years after he made that statement, it was proved correct by the following fact:

At Delta, Manitoba, men stationed at the research post found several duck nests, and visited them daily. Of these nests watched, twenty-one per cent were destroyed by crows, eleven per cent by ground squirrels, and nine per cent by skunks. In other words, forty-one per cent of them were wiped out before ever the ducklings were hatched. The readers can imagine what percentage of the young would be devoured by snakes, turtles, hawks, owls, fish, and other predators, after they were hatched. One is compelled to believe that the statement made by my father so many years ago, was accurate.

Personally, I do not hunt or shoot. But I see no more harm in taking the overflow, or surplus increase, of our wild game than in taking that of our barnyard flocks. I feel this increase was intended for man's use, and not for the upkeep of hordes of predators that have been allowed to increase out of all proportion to the wildlife on which they subsist. I take this attitude rather than that of the school of thought which believes that "the more game the predators kill, twelve months in the year, the more game you will have!"



Three generations of Miners. One of the last photos taken of the late Jack Miner, Canadian Naturalist, and his eldest son Manly F. Miner and grand-daughter Wilhelmina Conklin Miner who is Manly F. Miner's only child.

At the time of Jack's Miner's death the Right Honorable W. L. MacKenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, in paying tribute to Jack Miner said—"The great work done by the late Jack Miner is an example of a happy combination of theory and practice with common sense applied which has made conservation practical. Jack Miner not only preached conservation but he made a practical demonstration."



Balancing Nature . . . ?

By MANLY F. MINER

eldest son of the late Jack Miner, Canadian naturalist who, in a recently conducted national radio Quiz Program was voted, four to one, as having been the greatest naturalist that ever lived.

AS a preface to this article I should like to quote a poem entitled "Making a Garden," the work of Ida M. Thomas, which reads as follows:

*Man ploughs and plants and digs
and weeds,
He works with hoe and spade;
God sends the sun and rain and air
And thus a garden's made.
He must be proud who tills the soil
And turns the heavy sod.
How wonderful a thing to be
In partnership with God.*

If I were a clergyman, a priest or a pastor, and were choosing a text for what I wish to discuss, I would choose verse 26 in chapter 1 of Genesis, the very first chapter in the Bible or Missal, where it reads: "God said, Let us make man and let him have domination over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth."

Or perhaps I would choose verse 6 in chapter 22 of Deuteronomy, where it reads: "If a bird's nest chance to be before thee in the way in any tree, or on the ground, whether they be young ones, or eggs, and the dam (the mother) sitting upon the young, or upon the eggs, thou shalt not take the dam with the young; but thou shalt in any wise let the dam go, and take the young with thee, that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest prolong thy days."

I would further suggest that you read from the inspired Word the entire 14th chapter of Deuteronomy. In fact the entire Book of Deuteronomy deals with the laws set forth governing how we should live, and what we should take and not take.

IT was upon these verses which I have quoted from the Bible that my father, the late Jack Miner, with his limited public school education, over fifty years ago, in 1904, founded his Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary. It was wisdom derived from the same source that formed his philosophy, expressed in such sayings of his as the following:

1. "Nature is wonderful; man is more wonderful; God is most wonderful."
2. "Man is nature's first assistant, or

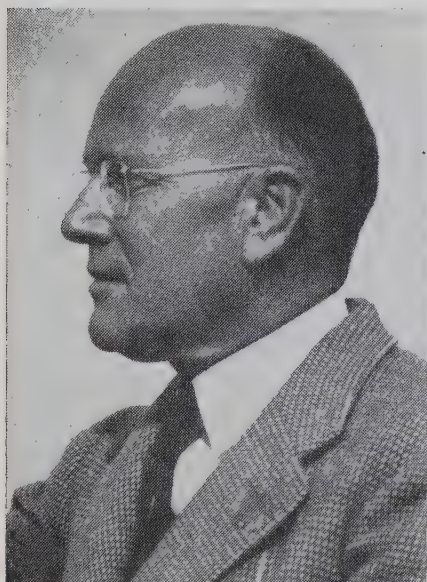
God's viceroy. What is man without God and what is God without man? They are, or should be, partners."

3. "God put the birds and animals here for man's use and for man's control. The same is true in regard to plant life. God made the weeds the same time that He made the vegetables, but it is man's job to destroy the weeds so that vegetables good for man can exist."

Let's put it this way: God made the potato bug at the same time that He made the potatoes. God made the timber wolf, or coyote, at the same time that He made the red deer. God made the crow (which devours the eggs of ducks and other birds) at the same time that He made the ducks. In other words, as is stated in the 14th chapter of Deuteronomy, God names all such birds and animals as were created for man's food, and those that were created as a means of control *until man was made and given the power to do all the controlling*. In other words, the Balancing of Nature was all left with man and man was given full power of choosing what he wanted. I like to use the word control.

Why even in Biblical times when Jesus was on earth we read where shepherds watched their flocks at night from the ravages and destructiveness of wolves.

IN this beautiful world we have two schools of thought, one of which most of our universities are teaching, and which clings to the idea that Nature will balance itself, and the other which my late father promoted. My father stressed the fact that from the time Christopher Columbus landed in North America and cut down a tree, Nature's balance was thereby upset; and therefore it is incumbent upon man to restore, or to maintain, that balance. In fact, God gave to man this power in the beginning.



MANLY F. MINER, eldest son of the late Jack Miner, who with his brothers, is carrying on not only activities of the world famous Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary, but also is continuing with wild-life research where his father left off. His father had spent sixty years making research in the field of nature—and with all his notes available, as well as the more recent study by his sons, Manly has written the accompanying, thought-provoking article on the subject of, Balancing Nature.



DEVOTED COMPANIONS of more than a half century to the protection of wildlife, the bodies of Jack and Laona Miner now rest side by side in a dignified granite tomb on the grounds of their former home, now the renowned Bird Sanctuary which they both loved so well.

For the last twenty-five years of his life my father never discharged a gun except to shoot the occasional Cooper's hawk when it attacked our pheasants, quail and other wild life, or when a Great Horned Owl attacked our wood ducks; and I have not used a gun any more, myself. Yet there is no harm in taking the increase of game, for food. In fact, that was God's plan, but that it should be done in accordance with that first game law laid down in verse 6, chapter 22 of Deuteronomy when He said not to take the mother bird, but that it was all right to take the increase.

The best modern-day illustration of this is on Pelee Island, in Lake Erie, where there are no natural predators. There the common ring-necked pheasant has increased, in the midst of humanity, to such an extent that ten thousand or more cock birds are allowed to be shot annually, and laterly a limited number of hen birds are shot each fall in order that the flock may be controlled. To bring about this condition for the good of mankind, man first had to "let the mother go."

Jack Miner after sixty years of continual research said: "No one specie of bird or animal life can stand the predation (the killing) by both man and their natural enemies yet on the other hand no one specie can exist without the predation (the killing) of either man or the natural enemies but not by both, It is up to man to control."

He would say on Pelee Island there are no predators and man rightfully reduces the increase of pheasants, if man didn't the pheasants would become so thick that the Creator would wipe them out by disease or they would become so interbred that they would become sickly or reduced in size."

Kaibab Forest

Along this line of thought most biologists base their argument on the Kaibab Forest situation which my father was well versed on because he made five trips there to see for himself. Here was the true situation: President Theodore Roosevelt as President of the U.S.A. some fifty more or less years ago declared this southern area a National Park and forbade humanity shooting any deer and set the game wardens at killing the cougars and coyotes in the park. What

was the result?—with man not being allowed to harvest the increase and all predators killed, the deer became too thick or too overpopulated for the amount of space or area they had and they ate all vegetation on the ground and as high as they could reach with the result such an overpopulated area caused the deer to become reduced in size and not a healthy herd.

FATHER always pointed out that when the predators (cougars and coyotes) were killed, man should have kept the deer population reduced either by allowing a deer hunting season, the same as is allowed pheasant hunting on Pelee Island; or, he would say, "if public sentiment was against an open season in the park then the game wardens should have reduced the herd and given the deer to hospitals or other public institutions for food."

This is where he disagreed with the biologists who said "we should leave the cougars and coyotes to reduce the herd." He would answer them by saying, "surely our Governments are not going to spend

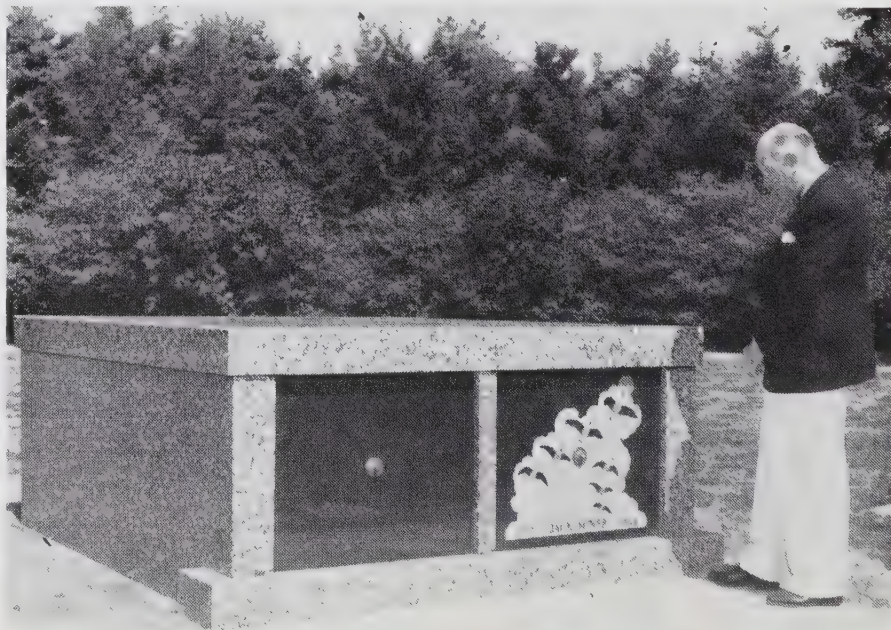
millions of dollars to maintain parks to raise deer to feed cougars and coyotes."

Or let us take the situation as it relates to deer in Pennsylvania or Michigan. For many, many years hunters were permitted to shoot only the bucks. Man followed God's word and let the mother deer go until today both States, rightfully, have had to allow the female deer also to be shot in order to reduce the herds, which had increased beyond the supply of natural food. This following of God's plan is only simple obedience to a natural law and the consequent fulfillment of the promise that invariably accompanies it. The deer is food for humanity, and it is up to man to control their enemies. There is no further need for timber wolves for controlling the deer herds when man, the greatest predator on earth, takes over. Man was intended to be the predator; the wolf was intended only to control the increase of deer herds until such time as human population in the various localities was sufficient to do so.

The same thing may be said concerning every phase of our wild life. Consider the depredations of the common crow, which destroys the eggs of our game birds such as ducks, pheasants, partridges, and the like. Most certainly God made the crow for this purpose. But when man shoots a game bird for food, as God said "for man's use," then it is necessary for man to reduce the number of crows, or other predators preying upon such species, to the same extent.

THE sciences of medicine, agriculture, engineering and the like, are as old as the human race; but in the field of wild life, its management and the teaching of that management in our universities has become a reality only in the last few years, I, like my late father, feel that in many instances conclusions have been jumped at too quickly; and that one of these insufficiently studied theories is that Nature will balance itself. Our reply to that contention always has been: If Nature will balance itself, why have game wardens?—why have any game commissions?—why have any biologists? To us it is a do-nothing, have-nothing policy.

For illustration: In many cases such teachers maintain that man exterminated the passenger pigeon. (My father believed they died of a disease.) If man exterminated the millions—yes, the billions—of passenger pigeons, then our argument is that man also ought to have shot the enemies of the passenger pigeon in equal proportion. Man failed to do this and left such predators to prey upon other bird



IN A GRANITE SARCOPHAGUS on the grounds of the Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary, lies the body of the late Jack Miner. Thousands of people annually make their way to his tomb—paying tribute to the life he lived. His eldest son, Manly F. Miner, stands by the tomb, the left section of which now holds the body of his mother, the late Mrs. Miner.



ONE OF THE LAST photos taken of the late Jack Miner, O.B.E., noted Canadian Naturalist: In 1943 King George VI bestowed upon him the Order of the British Empire—the citation which came with it reading in part: "for the greatest achievement of Conservation in the British Empire." The Miner family home contains scores of plaques, medals and like honours which were bestowed upon the beloved naturalist during his lifetime. At his death, biographers agreed that no other Canadian had received so many tributes.

life. The numbers of the birds of prey are all out of proportion to those of the birds.

Like my father, most certainly I believe in research. Evidence of this is the fact that we were the first to band ducks and geese in any great numbers (by the thousands) for the purpose of studying their routes of migration, where they nest, where they winter, how long they live, and other such scientific data. Surely our long adherence to this practice of bird-banding proves our high esteem for research.

As a further illustration of the fact that I am in favor of research, let us take the following example: When I was a boy the game wardens of our locality went up and down the streams and lake shore, watching us and our neighbours' boys, to see that we did not take any under-size fish; then along came a research man and found that factories situated along the same creeks and lake shores were polluting the water to such an extent that more under-size fish—yes, and over-size fish too—were killed in one day than had been caught on fishermen's hooks in perhaps a century.

Lord forbid that anyone feel I am in any way opposed to valid research in any field of endeavour, but something I cannot understand is this: Our biologists, engaged in the management of fisheries, when they undertake to restock a lake or stream with fry from the fish hatcheries, in every case, rightfully, first cleanse such streams of what some people call "trash fish" or, to be more specific, carp and suckers, which eat fish eggs; or pike, which eat the young fry; yet our game biologists, many of them with university degrees, when they want to restock an area with pheasant or quail from our bird hatcheries make no effort to reduce the number of predators in such areas—birds and animals such as crows, skunks and others that eat the eggs, or weasels and predators that devour the young birds. They take the attitude that you have to have predators to balance nature. If that argument is sound, why not apply it to fish as well as to game birds? I feel that our fish biologists have the right approach: Man has upset nature's balance and it is up to man to restore that balance.

REFERRING again to fish and game hatcheries, I should like to point out that a number of wildlife experts are now opposed to pheasant and

other game-bird hatcheries. They forget that there would not be an English ring-necked pheasant, or a Chinese pheasant, in North America had it not been that man imported and propagated them. I speak of this from experience, because my late father, in 1895 (two years before I was born), imported and raised English ring-necked pheasants and stocked with them not only this township, but also (as I have been informed by the officials of the old United States Biological Survey) shipped more pheasants into the U.S. for propagation purposes than all other Canadians. I know whereof I write. I have always felt that if the liberation of pheasants proved a failure in some localities, it was because the same precautionary measures were not taken to protect these game birds against predators as are always taken to safeguard young fish. As the old saying is, "Why make fish of one and flesh of the other?"

To be sure I never could understand why many of our fish and game departments are willing to liberate pheasants in an area a few months before the open season; because man is then the greatest predator. I feel that there should be a closed season the first year to conserve such basic breeding stock, as well as a natural predator control program. I do not believe that the more you kill this year the more you will have next year. We need to go back to the teaching in Deuteronomy and "let the mother go." In the case of the fish hatchery restocking program there is this difference as far as man is concerned: For three or four years the young fry cannot be molested by man.

Speaking of game and fish hatcheries, I once heard a university professor speaking on the subject of Nature balancing itself, and before he finished he was speaking in favour of our fish and game hatcheries. To me, his argument did not add up; because if Nature will balance itself and if his argument will hold good, we do not need hatcheries.

I think the best illustration I know of to offset this idea of Nature balancing itself, or interfering with Nature, is our Canadian Northwest from Winnipeg to Calgary. Here you have an area of tens of thousands of square miles of the most fertile soil of its kind and for its purpose in the entire world. Here, at one time, buffalo roamed these prairies; man came along, killed those buffalo, and saved the

species from extinction by building a park for them, inside which they were fenced; because you could not have wheat fields and buffalo by the thousands in the same area.

After the buffalo was controlled, man turned the sod upside down and made the largest and most productive bread-wagon in the world; and every hundred miles can be seen the dome of a Parliament Building governing same. Only last week a farmer who holds several sections of land north of Calgary visited our Sanctuary, and I was discussing with him this philosophy that has been taught in our universities that Nature will, or does, balance itself. He made just one single reply: "You should have seen my land when God had it alone."

REFERRING again to the west; I am reminded of that great organization known as Ducks Unlimited. Through excellent foresight this organization has dammed up streams and restored the breeding grounds of our western ducks and at the same time promoted a predator-control program aimed against such egg-devouring birds as crows and magpies. Some would say this was interfering with nature, but I say it is assisting nature and only using the brains God has given us. Let us look at it from the standpoint of dollars and cents. Practically every duck that has been shot was used for food; and a very conservative estimate would be that each duck was worth one dollar in food value. By this reckoning, Ducks Unlimited has been responsible for giving to our people millions of dollars in food during the last seventeen years.

Of course you must remember that Ducks Unlimited was not unmindful of the value of research. Right on the ground floor where they began the work which has made that great contribution of food to this generation, at a place called Delta, a research station was established by that eminent conservationist, Mr. James F. Bell, founder of General Mills with headquarters in Minneapolis. His biologists watched ducks' nests to determine the effect which predators had on them; and they found twenty-one per cent were destroyed by crows, eleven per cent by ground squirrels, and nine per cent by skunks. In short, forty-one per cent of these nests were wiped out by predators in the egg stage. I leave it to you to imagine what percentage of the young would be devoured by snakes, turtles, hawks, owls, fish and other predators after they were hatched.

The most recent research program that goes to prove out my contention that man must control the predators if our more valuable birds are to survive, has just been completed in North Dakota. There



THE LAST PHOTO taken of Jack Miner and his three sons in the spring of 1944, left to right, are: Jasper, Manly, Jack and Ted.

you have a State where pheasants became so numerous, that men from every State in the U.S., every Province in Canada and even numbers from Central America, each fall journeyed there to shoot the harvest, or increase, of pheasants. Tons of birds were shot and used for food for humanity. These pheasants increased each year even in the midst of all the shooting. But the last three or four years there was a marked decrease in their numbers—such a decrease that the hunters, whose license money paid the salaries of the game biologists, demanded an investigation.

A pheasant-nesting survey was carried out; and of 123 pheasant nests under observation the predators definitely destroyed 81 and probably another 10 were destroyed by skunks, making a total of 91 nests lost out of the 123. This was before the eggs were hatched. You can judge how many of the young birds would be taken from the remaining nests after the young were hatched.

The sad part of it all is that several employees, with their university education that had taught them that we needed the skunks, crows, magpies, weasels, coons, etc. to balance nature, sooner than accept orders founded on such a research program, resigned, and since then have left the field of game management. The Deputy Commissioner, Mr. Charles L. Cadieux, writing to me some months after the survey, and after he had published the facts that 91 nests out of 123 had been destroyed by predators, still stated that "he never had agreed with any of my theories on predation". In other words I presume he still would rather see the predators destroy 91 out of 123 nests than allow these game birds to hatch and mature for the use of humanity and the satisfaction of the hunters who pay his salary.

MAY I stress again how important it is to carry out research in any area where a project is to be conducted, and illustrate this with facts acquired by my father, from his own personal observations. He found that in Minnesota, Wisconsin and on Manitoulin Island, the Marsh Hawk lived and reared its young mostly on a diet of snakes, crawfish and other such food common in those areas, while here in Essex County, where there are no streams and practically no marsh lands, comparatively speaking, the Marsh Hawk was the most destructive hawk we had on mourning doves and white leghorn chickens.

This caused my father to say, and brings me to stress, that when research is carried out it ought to cover a twelve-month period. If, for instance, you were to examine the stomach-contents of a hawk, here in Ontario in January when there was a two-foot depth of snow on the ground and the song-birds were all in the south, it would reveal a very different diet than it would in July, when food was more readily available. I suppose there is nothing more destructive to other birds' eggs than the common crow; yet for perhaps nine months of the year, no single bird consumes more grubs, worms and insects. Still, a crow will destroy hundreds of birds' eggs; and any one of these eggs, even that of a duck, if left to mature would produce a bird that would eat as many grubs, insects and worms as would the crow (or more!). I repeat: A crow is responsible for the destruction of dozens of ducks if it can find the eggs; yet one duck will consume more worms; crickets and grasshoppers than any crow.

Speaking of the insect world: If the theory that Nature will balance itself, as is being taught in our universities, holds good, why kill a worm?—why kill a

mosquito?—why kill a bed bug, or an army worm, or any insect? They were all created for a purpose in the beginning, but God said, "Let man have dominion over all;" and as far as I am concerned I thank God for our scientists who have controlled the bed bug. As far as I am concerned, you can exterminate him. You may fence in all the timber wolves and coyotes, the same as the buffalo had to be fenced in, and all the rest of the predators at the same time.

If Predator Control is wrong then trapping is wrong. For years the trappers kept the predators such as skunks, raccoon, foxes in balance but when the price of fur went down and man stopped trapping predators then I feel it was up to the Fish and Game Departments to reduce the predators to the same proportion that man reduces game birds and animals fit to eat, or else Nature is out of Balance.

Most certainly I agree that everything had its purpose, its usefulness, in the beginning. It was God's way of control. But when man was made, God gave him control.

ONLY last week a well-meaning lady from Detroit visited our Sanctuary. She belongs to an organization that does not believe in killing anything; scolded me for killing a caterpillar as it crossed our path on the way to the road, and then gave me a half-hour lecture on how everything was created for a purpose. I always defer to my guests' opinions and so refrained from any argument; but the fact is that if the caterpillars and worms of the caterpillar family, were not controlled, and kept under control, they very soon would destroy all green vegetation and man could not exist. Some such philosophy—belief, religion, or whatever one cares to call it—exists in India, and we are sending missionaries to India. If my father were alive he would say, "Let's use some of these misisonaries at home."

To create a sanctuary or a game refuge—to have founded the Jack Miner Sanctuary—is "interfering with Nature." So, at least, some would argue. We call it assisting Nature. Dr. Ira Gabrielson, former Chief of the United States Wild Life Service, a few years ago said: "It is the refuge system which is primarily responsible for saving the waterfowl."

This philosophy that Nature will balance itself to me just does not add up, does not make sense; because from the time when Christopher Columbus set foot on this Continent and cut down a tree, Nature's balance was upset by man. Why, even for a man to walk across a meadow is to interfere with nature. As Mr. Harold Titus, the great American

writer, said recently, "When the first boat went up the Mississippi and blew its horn it interfered with nature."

In the United States for many years the chief of the U.S. Wild Life Service was a man by the name of Dr. Albert M. Day. In writing the Outdoor Writers' Association of America, Dr. Day made these statements: "Be realists, not idealists. As much as we would like the coyote and the fawn to lie down together, we know that only the coyote would get up and walk away from that siesta. We know that there is no longer a true balance of nature in this country, nor will ever be unless man rockets off to the moon and stays there. We know further that the coyote has little effect on rodent population—not nearly as much as our old friends the owls—but does destroy millions of dollars worth of game and livestock each year. Finally, we know that at long last we are beginning to whittle down the coyotes in the western ranges, and we are glad that the outdoor writers realize the necessity for keeping this critter down."

AS for me, I am like Zacchaeus, who climbed a sycamore tree to see for himself. I am willing to travel to any place in North America to see conditions where this philosophy of nature balancing itself is at work. Certainly there should be such a place, with all the millions of dollars that have been poured into the laps of our university professors and their students who are known as biologists and who are managing several of our fish and game departments. On the contrary, come to our Sanctuary at Kingsville, which has now celebrated its 50th anniversary (1954) and we will show you where, from a mud-hole or a clay pit or pond, we have created a wild life refuge which the late Dr. Henry Van Dyke always referred to as a place being carried on "for God, Humanity and the Birds." So much is this true that one day a few falls ago (in 1953) a road-meter was placed on the public highway leading to the Jack Miner Sanctuary and the number of cars counted; the number registered on the meter for that one day was five thousand, nine hundred and eighty (5,980).

Yes, I agree with you that Nature will balance itself if we all will hang up our guns and other weapons, civilization be wiped off the North American continent, and a wait of five hundred years be instituted—which is approximately the period of time that has elapsed since Columbus discovered America. But who would want, then, to live in such a place?

As the farmer from north of Calgary said, not irreverently, "You should have seen my farm when God had it alone."



TYPICAL TRAFFIC SCENE in front of the Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary near Kingsville, showing how public interest has grown until today the famed Sanctuary is rated as one of the greatest tourist attractions in Canada. It has been said that more people make a special trip to view this wild life spectacle than any other similar Canadian feature.

Manly F. Miner

CHALLENGES BALANCE of NATURE THEORY

BY MANLY F. MINER

BETWEEN the years 1882 and 1904 my father, the late Jack Miner, kept a diary and recorded the observation of a gradual decrease in ducks and geese, as well as in upland game birds. He said the game warden system of prosecuting a man after he had shot a bird, out of season, did not save that bird's life and did not solve the problem. So, in 1904, he founded the Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary, where artificial feeding is carried on, and said: "Is it not just as sane to feed birds to attract them to a place of safety as it is to feed birds to attract them to be shot?" This, to him, was personal observation. Today it would be called "long range research".

At the beginning of this century our game wardens went up and down the shores of our lakes and streams, prosecuting your boy and mine if he had a fish under size. Our scientific research men came along and found that factories were polluting streams and were killing millions of small fish in comparison with the illegal-sized ones taken by the anglers.

I believe in research, and in no way wish to insinuate that I am not in favor of research work; but knowing as I do the facts just stated and other related incidents, I want to add, emphatically, that I believe a lot of common sense needs to be applied in order that such findings may be made practical. Today we have a dozen prominent universities graduating students who, when they leave college, are known as "wild life technicians", "specialists", "biologists", "scientific research data men", "wild life experts". Among these students are many who believe in the philosophy, or theory, that Nature will balance itself. It is the philosophy of this group I wish to challenge.

First of all, if you have spent four years taking a Wild Life Management course and come out of a university believing that you must not touch this or that, and that Nature will balance itself, then the Government has no need to give you a job, for yours is a do-nothing, touch-nothing policy, and let Nature balance itself. If that is what you honestly believe, those four years in school had far better been spent in the open, seeing how man, along with other predators, has upset



This photo was taken by The Pennsylvania Game Commission in Pennsylvania, showing how where there are no timber wolves or other natural enemies of the deer even in the midst of a half million licensed hunters each fall the female deer have to be allowed shot to reduce the herd. The State of Michigan where there are no timber wolves has had to allow the females shot also. Manly F. Miner in this article points out that isn't it far better to have these deer for food for humanity than to allow a horde of hungry wolves to live on them? These deer are no more than our Wild Mutton. If they become too thick for the amount of food available Manly F. Miner says allow the hunters two or three deer until herd is reduced.

Nature's balance, and how important it is, therefore, that man should restore that balance.

Come with me to Pelee Island in Lake Erie. It consists of only a few square miles. Twenty years ago, a few dozen pairs of ring-necked pheasants were liberated there. On Pelee Island the pheasant has practically no natural enemies, as compared to those it must encounter on the mainland. The pheasants there have increased in number so rapidly that each fall hundreds of hunters go there and shoot thousands of birds; and still, in the face of all this shooting, the increase is such that lately it has been necessary to allow the shooting of hen-birds, in order to reduce the flocks; and last winter the Government permitted the Council to catch and sell pheasants, alive, for re-stocking purposes elsewhere.

Now come with me to the mainland, to Point Pelee, separated from Pelee Island by only four miles of water. Point Pelee is a Canadian National Park. It is of practically the same area as Pelee Island, enjoys the same climatic conditions, provides the same natural habitat. But in it no shooting is allowed. Here the pheasants increased equally as fast as they did on Pelee Island—even faster, because none were shot each fall; they became very numerous and the overflow, unlike that of Pelee Island, could spread out into the surrounding countryside. Men and women could, and did, sit in their cars and take motion pictures of the pheasants at various points in the Park. I have seen twenty-five or more in sight at once. Then, a few years ago, four coyotes came into this park. Appeals were made by different individuals and organizations to the Members of Parliament to have these coyotes shot. But the Department took the "balance of Nature" policy of touch nothing, do nothing; with the result that inside of two years two merchants in the nearby town offered a reward of \$5.00 for every live pheasant to be seen in the Park. I took four members of Parliament and twenty men through the Park, and walked fully two miles in the same; and not one pheasant did we see. Even the coyotes had left. As one newspaper man put it: "The coyotes starved themselves out." I am not suggesting that these coyotes killed all these pheasants—they would if they could—but the presence of these four coyotes there chased and terrorized the pheasants and drove them out of the Park. Now that the coyotes are not there, the pheasants are gradually working their way back into the park.

From Point Pelee National Park I want you to come eight miles farther inland to the Jack Miner Sanctuary, where no shooting takes place. Here we have, over a period of fifty years, planted 53,000 trees, shrubs and fruit-bearing trees. During the winter months we carry on a feeding program for the upland game, so that when an ice storm comes the pheasants know where there is food. The pheasants roost in the evergreen trees, eight or ten feet from the ground, the same as ruffed grouse do in Northern Ontario. Above all, we carry on predator control measures, twelve months of the year. Each feature—namely, natural habitat, food, and predator control—is of equal importance. The chief predator in this locality is the skunk; and the last year that my late father lived, in three traps baited with rotten eggs, which we secured from a chicken hatchery, he caught seventy-three skunks. The result was that on one cold winter day three years ago, two game wardens walked over one hundred acres of this Sanctuary and flushed, as they estimated, 500 pheasants. These pheasants go out from the Sanctuary each spring, perhaps five or more miles, to nest. This means that the area surrounding the Jack Miner Sanctuary for a distance of perhaps ten miles, provides hunters with the best shooting in Canada, outside of Pelee Island. A few days ago a man drove from southern Illinois, some three hundred miles, for the purpose of seeing the waterfowl here; and the first thing he said to me was that he "had not seen a pheasant in all that driving until reaching the road in the Jack Miner Sanctuary leading to the home" and then he had counted a dozen or more pheasants in less than one mile.

Let's jump from here to The Woodmont Rod and Gun Club in Maryland. Here you have 5,000 acres, fenced in, where artificial propagation of upland game birds is carried on and game keepers are employed the year round to carry on preda-

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BALANCE OF NATURE

By ALAN B. BAKER, Outdoor Editor, Sudbury Star

Editor's Note: Alan B. Baker spent considerable time in the woods with the trappers and saw first hand the destructiveness of the timber wolves on the red deer herd of Northern Ontario. In some areas the wolves had practically exterminated the deer. He believed in law enforcement but was never in favor of continually bringing a settler or trapper into court for shooting a deer to feed his family during the winter months while little was being done to reduce the packs of timber wolves that were so thick they were killing deer night and day and several paid officials taking the attitude that "we need timber wolves to balance nature."

Alan B. Baker had the same philosophy as Jack Miner when he said he was opposed to prosecuting a sportsman for shooting a pheasant, quail or partridge out of season but protecting a great horned owl and certain species of hawks that committed the same act daily. In other words protect a great horned owl and cooper's hawk which live on pheasants if they can find them but fine or imprison a man for killing a hawk or owl. Jack Miner said the license money from the hunters raised the pheasants in pheasant hatcheries and the hunters should be permitted to protect these pheasants from hawks and owls the same as farmers are permitted to protect their poultry which the farmers raised in their chicken hatcheries."

In choosing the title given above and repeating the phrase, as I probably shall do throughout this article, I am referring to many of those men who have graduated, or now are being educated in our universities, in the science of biology.

In that branch of the study which deals with animal life, and particularly in the matter of distribution and survival of wild animals the theory of the balance of nature—a certain numerical relation maintained by natural causes between the predatory animals and those preyed upon—has been so emphasized as now to have become accepted as an established and enduring condition. It is anything but that. They forget—rather, they ignore—the fact that an ever-increasing population, which until quite recently slaughtered wild life indiscriminately as best suited its immediate purposes, has entirely upset such balance as nature had brought about under wilderness conditions.

To be specific, let us suppose that during some period, approximately recent, nature had achieved a balance between the herds of deer indigenous to this part of Ontario that surrounds Sudbury, and the packs of wolves that prey upon them. Both, due to natural causes, may have increased or decreased in numbers, but the ratio of the one type to the other, we shall imagine, remained static.

Then came a year when there was an unusually heavy influx of hunters to the region, and a very considerable number of deer was killed, the packs of wolves remaining untouched, of course, since they present no appeal to hunters. The wolves, then—the predators—have gained in the advantage of numbers over their natural prey, the deer.

In the succeeding reproductive period fewer deer are added to the herds and the packs of wolves become proportionately more numerous. What was a balance has been thrust into desuetude. This may occur season after season; and when it does the effects are cumulative, becoming more grievous with the passage of time. It is a condition which, pursued to a logical conclusion, not only would decimate the herds of deer, as it is doing, but would eventually exterminate them. It is only logical to contend that whenever deer are shot in any noticeable numbers, trappers or government agents who are on the ground and in a position to evaluate the actual conditions, ought to reduce the wolf packs to a commensurate degree with the slaughter of deer, and so re-establish the former balance of nature.

I am completely in accord with an opinion stated by Mr. Perk Angwin of Barre, Vermont, in these words: "When man began to upset the old so-called 'balance of nature', which never did exist on a constant basis, then the place of predators went out. We no longer need predation by animals. Man alone is the control, and the abundance or scarcity of game hinges on man's desires. His predation is too complete to require the help of the wolf, the coyote or the bobcat, with which I am most familiar. A wolf that needs control because of predation on livestock needs the same control for predation on game. I have observed wolf work in Quebec. Man has no place in his picture for competition afield in killing, and there is no other excuse for the wolf to live except in rarity."

In this connection I believe we would do well to refer back to the counsels of our own great Canadian naturalist, the late Jack Miner, of whom Irvin S. Cobb, now deceased but during his life a noted writer on outdoor subjects for The Saturday Evening Post, used these words: "Jack Miner, the greatest practical naturalist on the planet."

No man has ever valued research more than did Jack Miner. The banding of wildfowl begun by him in 1909, and the pioneer enterprise of its kind, constitutes one of the most remarkable and highly valuable research projects on the continent. But he conducted his every experiment and activity with exemplary detachment and the soundest common sense.

Jack Miner's purpose in banding wildfowl was to determine from irrefutable evidence and records how long such birds live; where they are shot; what percentages of the total kill are shot in what areas, and what proportions of that total kill are taken in the United States and what in Canada; how much of it in each State or Province. All this information is highly valuable to the officials of the various States and Provinces as well as to the federal governments of both the U.S.A. and Canada; it provides that basis of incontrovertible statistics upon which suitable protective legislation can be formulated. Irvin S. Cobb called it "practical information."

I have been told that on one occasion, two of the university-produced biologists made the request to Jack Miner that in his banding of wildfowl he indicate or determine the sex of each bird?

"What do you want me to determine the sex of each bird for?" he asked.

"To learn whether the male or the female migrates first," was the reply.

Jack Miner's hearty laughter boomed out.

"And supposing I do sex them, and we find that the males migrate first, what are you going to do about it?"

It does seem to have been an asinine request. "All I am interested in," Jack Miner added, "is that there may be plenty of both sexes left to migrate; but it makes no difference which sex migrates first. And if we had the information, there is nothing man can do about it."

Referring once more to our famous and practical Canadian naturalist, Jack Miner, many persons who never knew him think of him merely as a man who started a bird sanctuary and gave food and protection to the migratory birds. While this is true, it is only part of the truth. The fact is that for sixty years the first of November never saw Jack Miner at home. Every autumn over that long, long period he was to be found under canvas, somewhere in the north woods, anywhere between Mattawa, in Quebec province, and Lake of the Woods near the western border of Ontario.

In these regions he saw wild life conditions as they are. Throughout his life he secured his knowledge from the birds and animals themselves, observing their habits in their natural environments. Not for him some pretty theory out of a text-book. In marshes, on upland meadows, deep in primeval forests, he saw and watched until he understood the daily struggle of the wild creatures for existence, and the fierce conflict between predator and preyed upon. At first hand he saw how the wolf must kill in order to live and the deer's terrified flight to escape. He could see clearly how the hunter becomes an unintentional ally of the wolf unless a wise and comprehensive control is exercised. Knowing this, it is easy to understand how, on a recent national, continent-wide radio quiz program, Jack Miner was conceded by a vote of four to one to have been the greatest naturalist that ever lived.

Sometimes Jack Miner summed up his philosophy like this: "I am not concerned about the number of specks on the woodpecker's tail, the length of the toenails or tail feathers of an English ring-neck pheasant; I am only concerned about there being more in the fall, for humanity, than there were in the spring."

On this same subject, i.e., the knowledge that comes from books exclusively, it is interesting to review the interview given to the press recently by Charles S. Kettering on the occasion of his seventy-eighth birthday. Once (he said) a British engineer re-

used to believe that a diesel engine could be built capable of hauling a heavy train at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. "Any textbook will show you it can't be done," he said.

"Don't tell our engines that, replied Kettering, and invited the unbeliever to accompany him on such a ride. "See how useless textbooks are?" said Mr. Kettering after telling several such illustrative stories. "You learn by doing, not by reading."

Kettering was only acting on this conviction when, in 1904, he tossed into a wastebasket the diploma he had just earned from his Ohio State university. The Delco system, the self-starter for automobile engines and the diesel engine are among his inventions, and today he owns nearly a million shares of General Motors stock.

The point I am making is this: You may go to school all your life, acquire as many degrees as a thermometer and possess a library of textbooks and works of reference and yet fail of achieving your purpose if you have not practical experience; if you have not, by actual performance, so enriched and disciplined your mind as to be capable of producing the practicable system.

How appropriate were the words of the late

Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, on the occasion of Jack Miner's death when, in paying the nation's tribute, he said this: "The great work done by the late Jack Miner, our beloved naturalist, is an example of a happy combination of theory and practice, with common sense applied, which has made conservation practical. Jack Miner not only preached conservation but he made a practical demonstration."

Jack Miner said: "Don't become only a statistician, because it takes more than a lot of wild life statistics to save our game. What good is our life going to be towards saving our wild fowl if we are going to spend our entire time in piling up a lot of data and figures that never can be used?"

In 1926, Professor U. S. Milner, instructor in Greek and Roman History in the University of Toronto, compared Jack Miner's philosophy with that of Aristotle.

Just now there has been published a book written by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, entitled "The Power of Positive Thinking"; and Rev. Frank Laubach's last book is entitled "Channels of Spiritual Power." In each of these books is brought out the point that our inventors, our scientists, our philoso-

phers, all are turning back to The Bible, back to the Book of Genesis, for guidance and instruction.

In the field of Nature, Jack Miner based his entire philosophy on the books of Genesis and Deuteronomy.

Any person who was privileged to hear Jack Miner speak during the thirty years of his career as a lecturer, or has ever read his writings, knows that always he stressed that portion of Genesis in which it is told how God created everything, then created Man and gave him dominion over the fowl of the air, over the fish in the sea, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. From this, Jack Miner deduced that the balancing of nature was all left with man.

The power was given to man. So if man wants flowers, he must take out the weeds; if man wants an agreeable garden he must remove all kinds of noxious or offensive plant life. And if he wants bird life, or animal life, he must destroy the enemies of birds and animals—at least to the same extent as he, himself, has destroyed those he finds desirable. If he fails to do this he is not using the brains God gave him. "Let man have dominion over all."

JACK MINER SAID:

No one specie of game bird or animal can stand the predation (the killing) by both man and their natural enemies (the predators). If man shoots a game bird or animal for food man should kill their natural enemies (the predators) to the same proportion.

On the other hand no game bird or specie of game animal can exist unless it has the predation of man or its natural enemies but not both.

For example Kaibab Forest, when man stopped the killing of deer by both man and their natural enemies the deer became small and increased beyond their food supply. When man killed the predators in this forest reserve which were the deer's natural enemies man should have been permitted to shoot and harvest the increase of deer and reduce the herd in proportion to the food supply—or natural food available. The same as the Ontario Government wisely manages the pheasant population on Pelee Island where there are no predators (natural killers) and man harvests the increase of pheasants by allowing hunters to shoot the increase or overflow of approximately 10,000 cock birds each fall and on some occasions rightly allows the hen birds shot to control the flock from becoming too thick for its food supply and natural habitat.

NATURE MAGAZINE MIS-STATES

JACK MINER'S OPINION OR PHILOSOPHY

The highly respected Nature Magazine in its June-July, 1956 issue carried an article by Mr. Maurice Broun in which he said, "Most hawk-shooters that I have encountered insist that all predatory creatures should be killed—the Jack Miner attitude."

Jack Miner wrote three books; thirteen publications in one month carried articles written by him; he had written hundreds of articles for publication between 1896 and 1944. At the time of his death biography writers credited him with having spoken to more people over a period of thirty years from the lecture platform than any other person. In all his writings and lectures he never used the word "exterminate" nor insisted "that all predatory creatures should be killed"; he used the word "control" His philosophy was that if man shot ducks for food man should shoot the crows that live on ducks' eggs to the same proportion. If man shot deer for food man should kill the timber wolves to the same proportion. If man shot pheasants for food man should reduce the great horned owl and certain species of hawks that live on the pheasant's young from the time they are hatched until they were mature. He would say, "I am not going to feed cardinals all winter and stand back and see a cooper's or sharp-shinned hawk come back from the south in the spring and eat them up alive."

Manly F. Miner, eldest son of the late Jack Miner, commenting on such a statement made by Mr. Maurice Broun said, "It is such false statements being made by such people that do the Cause of Conservation more harm than good. Men making such statements in most cases would not allow a person to shoot a gun or kill anything." Manly F. Miner continued by saying "that no one specie could stand the predation of both man and their natural enemies and when man reduced one specie it was up to man to reduce the natural predators to the same proportion."

LOU KLEWER REPORTS ON RACCOON PREDATION IN VICINITY OF TOLEDO, OHIO

Mr. Lou Klewer, outdoor editor of Toledo Blade, and President of The Outdoor Writers of America, on May 17, 1956, in his outdoor column of Toledo Blade reported on the destructiveness of raccoon in his area on wild ducks and their nests. His column on that date reads in part:

RACCOON DESTROY MANY DUCK NESTS

"Since the vogue for long-haired furs went out of fashion and coonskin coats lost their popularity, the raccoons in northwestern Ohio have increased to where they have become a menace to not only ground nesting birds but even to all birds nesting in trees and shrubs.

"Recently, on a survey at Magee's Marsh, a state waterfowl preserve and one of the few public duck-hunting marshes in the state, Karl Bednarik found 22 duck nests with a full complement of duck eggs in each one. Long before they had a chance to hatch, however, the raccoons also found them and all 22 nests were destroyed and with them the possibility of 22 hatches of wild ducks.

"There is more to this destruction, however, than just the hatch of this year. If this wiping out of nests continues, it may not be long before there will be no ducks nesting in these marshes. Waterfowl, like other birds, tend to return to the places they were born and if no ducks are hatched in this area, it is conceivable that before long there will be no ducks nesting in not only Magee's marsh but in most of the other marshes as well.

"A study of the raccoon is being made on the Magee marsh at the present time, studying the migration habits of these animals. In one 700-acre tract, 72 raccoon were live-trapped, weighed, tagged and released and these were 72 different raccoon. The trapping was done this spring and the animals ranked about 50-50 as to sex. With the average female having four young each spring, this would increase the raccoon population on these 700 acres by 144 young or a total of 216 raccoon this fall.

"The raccoon population is also heavy in many of the other marshes and the nest-destroying activities on Magee's marsh also can be expected on the other marshes. Where it will end, no one seems to know as there is not too much interest in trapping raccoon by the muskrat trappers. Raccoon are too heavy to lug into the skinning shanty from where they are trapped, the fur seldom brings much more than a dollar or so and as a result, no special effort is made to trap the animals. Coon hunting with dogs for sport isn't advocated in the marshes because the best coon season is also duck hunting season and the night hunting dogs would drive out all the ducks."

Manly F. Miner, son of the late Jack Miner, Canadian Naturalist, commenting on the situation, said that the raccoon not only attack the ground nesting ducks but in a recent news release which went clear across the continent the biologists now claim and admit that the raccoon which have increased in such numbers, all out of proportion to bird life, are responsible for the decrease in wood ducks which nest in holes in hollow trees.

tor control measures. I doubt if there is another five thousand acres of land in America that provides greater shooting, or more birds for the hunter, than this area where a rigid predator control program is carried on continuously. The same thing can be said of The Clark Game Preserve of northwestern Pennsylvania.

The practice of predator control is not new in the world. Look at the game management methods pursued in Scotland, carried on over a lengthy period of time at various estates in that country. Only last Fall, with only five guns participating, five New York sportsmen shot 4,000 grouse in the course of a week on one of these moors in the Scottish highlands. On these moors, throughout the entire year, men are employed to control the predators. Successful partridge shooting has been carried on in Hungary for years; and all they do has been to emphasize predator control. Because when a man shoots a grouse or a pheasant, he is upsetting Nature's balance—if he does not kill the natural enemies of the grouse or pheasant in the same proportion.

About once or twice a year I see some picture in our American magazines, of two or three dozen dead hawks hanging on a wire fence, and very sad words under them. When such pictures of hawks, or predators, are published, there should be also a picture of all the pheasants, snipe, quail, partridge, grouse, ducks and geese that have been killed in that State. If the two pictures could be set side by side and compared you would find that the number of

The above photo was taken by The Wild Life photographer of The Detroit Times, Detroit, Michigan, on Pelee Island during the three day fall shoot where there are no predators. Even with such a kill annually by a thousand hunters on a few square miles the Ontario Government has had to permit the shooting of hen birds to reduce the flock. In other words, Manly F. Miner points out pheasants are just as thick as around a pheasant hatchery where birds are hatched and raised artificially where of course there is a predator control program in effect. You have to control predators around a pheasant hatchery, why not after the birds are released?



hawks constitutes a very, very small fraction of one per cent of all the bird life shot. Let us be fair. Man has upset nature's balance by killing the eatable birds and not shooting the predators in the same proportion.

That great and honored organization, once respected by all, known as The Izaak Walton League of America, during the last ten years has employed several of these men who maintain that nature, unassisted, can balance itself, and who do not believe in the control of foxes, wolves, great horned owls and other predators. Its editor of Outdoor America, Mr. Robert Beatty, recently, in public, said "Hallelujah!" when I was attacked for my stand on this question. Yet that organization is the first to sound, very loudly, an alarm about the lampreys that are exterminating the lake trout in Lake Huron. Personally, I cannot make fish of one and flesh of the other. I feel that the great horned owl, that attacks pheasants, needs controlling just as much as the lamprey that attacks trout.

Look at the red deer: In the state of Michigan, where approximately five hundred thousand—a half million!—hunters take out licenses each fall to hunt deer, in a few small Michigan counties as compared to the vast half million square miles of northern Ontario, there are no timber wolves; and deer have increased so fast, in the midst of these thousands of hunters, that it has been necessary to allow the does to be shot. The only place in Ontario where deer are common and perhaps becoming a nuisance, is where there are no timber wolves—that is in the midst of some of our more thickly populated counties. The same situation exists in Pennsylvania. Here you have a state with no timber wolves, which contains within its bounds a population nearly as great as humanity, deer have increased until the female has had to be allowed to be shot to reduce the herds.

By comparison let us look at the State of New York. This state is a more natural habitat for deer than Pennsylvania; but the men in authority have no predator control program

and are—or have been—men who hold to the "balance of nature" theory. In fact, some of them feel you have to have foxes, to turn loose with the pheasants, to balance the pheasants. Look at these figures: In 1948, in New York State, in the counties of Allegheny, Cattaraugus and Chautauqua, which border on Pennsylvania, 7,209 does and 6,545 bucks were taken—because New York State profited by Pennsylvania predator control and there are no timber wolves, coyotes and bobcats in those counties; while in the entire fourteen counties comprising the Adirondacks—the best and most natural deer range—only 4,650 bucks were taken.

During the last twenty-five years, throughout North America, millions of dollars have been thrown into the laps of these scientists who believe that nature will balance itself and who, therefore, have taken the touch-nothing, do-nothing policy. My challenge is to the group which has taken this attitude, to show me where, with all the money they have to spend, they have an area where they can show, at first hand, results in game management equivalent to those attained by the methods of the old-time English or Scottish game keepers, who produce their results without benefit of B.A., degrees or anything equal to the facts and data I have produced. To prove my point, fence in two one-hundred-acre farms and in one liberate deer and timber wolves and in the other only deer, and see which hundred acres has the most deer in the fall. Or take two rooms in your own house and into one put ten pounds of cheese and some rats, and into

the other the same quantity of cheese and no rats, and in a month's time see which room has the most cheese left!

Speaking of the money provided for some research problems being studied by this "balance of nature" group, look at the matter of the sportsmen's money which the State of New York spent for the grouse experiment in that state, of which I am sure the members of the New York State Government are ashamed when the results are considered in comparison with the expenditures. The experiment lasted ten or twelve years and cost \$350,000.00, with another \$43,000.00 to compile the report. The results are contained in a 915-page book, two inches thick, which costs you \$10.00. These figures have never been denied although certain New York legislators during the 1948 session questioned this from the floor of the House and felt it was a rather high price to pay to learn the life history of a grouse. I say that had the money been used to pay salaries of predator control game wardens, agents or game keepers, the same as are paid in England, Scotland or the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club, there would be more grouse for the sportsmen in the State of New York.

In conclusion, I agree fully with Mr. Perk Angwin of Barre, Vermont, who is looked upon not only as a great writer, outdoorsman and editor, but also as an authority who in a few words has been able to explain and express views and opinions that also are my own personally. Here is his statement:

"When man began to upset that old, so-called 'balance of Nature,' which never did exist on a constant basis, then the place of predators went out. We no longer need predation by animals. Man alone is the control, and the abundance or scarcity of game hinges on man's desires. His predation is too complete to require the help of the wolf, the coyote or the bobcat, with which I am most familiar. A wolf that needs control because of predation on livestock needs the same control for predation on game. I have observed wolf work in Quebec. Man has no place in his picture for competition afield in killing, and there is no other excuse for the wolf to live except in rarity."

FACTS ABOUT SOME HAWKS

BY JACK MINER
Kingsville, Ontario, Canada

As a boy living in the open 365 days in the year and—please let me go back still further—as a child down in Ohio, hanging on to mother's hand, strolling through a little jungle near our humble buckeye home, visiting as high as nine Brown Thrasher's occupied nests in practically that many minutes, and then both Spring and Fall back in the Seventies, watching the passenger pigeons, not by the thousands, but by the clouds; then in the first year of my teens we moved here to the sunny side of Canada where the woods and the few cleared fields were simply aglow with birds. I am absolutely sure I have seen as high as twenty-five Scarlet Tanagers, I called them red birds, in sight at once and when the red bird storm came, as we called it, along about the 20th of May, I wish every naturalist of today could have followed me a few hours in the woods and he would have seen more warblers in an hour than I can find in a week right now, and the long poverty hours of no boy's life could be made shorter and richer than all these God-given creatures did mine. In fact I forgot all about my appearance—long red hair and freckles—and every Sunday in the summer would find me in my little hiding places allowing these creatures to come closer to me than I could get to them, but of course I did not know the scientific and Latin name for them. For illustration, I called the Goshawk and Cooper's Hawk "Bullet Hawks." The Sharp Shinned Hawk my brothers and I called the "Quail Hawk," and the Nut Hatch I called the "Tree Creeper," and the Wood Thrush I called the "Brown Linnet." Yes, I knew them and their habits but not their college-given names and I am persuaded that today there are many with their university degrees, who know their names but not their habits.

Let me give you the natural methods of our wickedest hawks' hunting system in their natural home, namely the virgin forest. He darts through the woods at a height of about six or eight feet from the ground, then noiselessly he shoots up at about a one o'clock angle where he will perch on a limb as motionless as a statue about fifty feet from the ground, then in about five or ten minutes he will come darting down at a five o'clock angle creating speed and making no more noise than a dart, and if any bird moves in front of him he is on it like lightning. When in the open field he travels high and I have seen a Cooper's Hawk come down out of the air like a miniature aeroplane, and the Bobolinks and Meadow Larks dart and hide in the tall grass, and so swift is this hawk coming from this elevated position I have seen him pick an adult forked-tail Barn Swallow right out of the air and go on. As for game birds here in Canada at that time, very true, there were no Mourning Doves worthy of mention, but I have seen over one hundred and fifty Bob-White Quail fly to the surrounding woods off of one settler's partly cleared farm, and Ruffed Grouse, they were in the woods by the hundreds; in fact I am absolutely certain that taking all classes of song, insectivorous and game birds into consideration, there were ninety-five per

cent more than there are today. Of course, this includes the Passenger pigeons that were here in the early Seventies, but as far as the hawks and owls are concerned, according to my observations, they are as plentiful now as they ever were, and before any of you contradict this statement let me ask you what has decreased them? Have the hunters gone out to kill them? No, but we have gone out by the millions, and combined our force with them and shot the game birds right and left. I do not know when the Passenger pigeon started dying but in 1878 I do know they were dying by the hundreds and in 1885 they were practically extinct.

The great complaint about killing the hawk is, you are "Interfering with nature," or "Upsetting nature's balance," as they killed the weak and delicate one, which I firmly

believe they did, and the great Provider put them here for that purpose. And now with ninety-five per cent of their food birds gone, which includes the Passenger pigeon, the hawks are left here hungry, and the only way to restore nature, or bring nature back to her own, is to reduce them to the same extent that other bird life has been reduced; for remember, while a hawk will take a weak, delicate bird first, he can and does catch any he wants to, all except the variety of hawks, which include the Red-Tail, Red-Shoulder and Broad Winged Hawks. Personally, I do not shoot these big, clumsy varieties, for while



Above drawing and etching was supplied by the Editors of Outdoor America, The Izaak Walton League of America, Chicago, Ill.

they will take rabbits and a few domestic fowl and so on, that does not bother me so much, but to find the feathers of our cheerful Cardinals and dozens of places where Mourning Doves have been killed and eaten by such varieties as Cooper's, Sharp Shinned and Marsh Hawks, just says to me, Jack Miner you are not humane and do not love and know the value of our song and insectivorous birds if you will stand for it. Readers, one Cardinal singing good cheer near my home brings me more enjoyment than to see a hundred hawks and hear the terrorized cries of other valuable birds getting away from them.

As far as interfering with nature is concerned the same may be said of the sheep dog. Are you going to allow him to continue unchecked in your community or are you going to control him?

The same can be said of the wolves in Ontario, that have been allowed to multiply and have decreased our deer alarmingly the last twenty years and will continue to do so until they are controlled by man.

The same could apply to our field mice or rabbits in our orchards. If man goes and kills them, you, according to some men's arguments, would be interfering with nature. I say this is nonsense, go and kill them and save your orchard that it may bear fruit for the rising generations.

The same argument, reinterfering with nature, applies when you kill the typhoid fly. God created it, but he created man to control it.

So I say, as far as this argument is concerned, it is up to men to control the hawks. Why bless your life, He

has even given us power to control Niagara Falls.

It is true the Sparrow Hawk's chief living in the Fall of the year is crickets and grasshoppers and I might say he is a good little mouse catcher, but years ago when I raised pheasants and quail in captivity, the first two or three weeks of these baby game birds' life, the Sparrow Hawk was one of my worst enemies. In fact one Sparrow Hawk carried away ten little baby pheasants in three hours.

Yes, a great deal is said about the mouse-destroying ability of the hawks and owls and, in reply to this, the little weasel is the biggest mouse destroyer we have in America, yet I knew one weasel to kill and carry away thirty-three baby pheasants in one night and pile them up under mullein leaves, etc. Next to the weasel there is nothing to equal the house cat, for both the weasel and the house cat are natural mouse killers, but the quicker they are buried side by side the better for the song, insectivorous and game birds; but remember, the hawks are natural bird killers.

I can't understand intelligent educated men advocating the destruction of the house cat because it kills birds and the protection of hawks and owls because they kill mice. This proves to my entire satisfaction that these men have watched the house cat sneaking and springing onto birds on the lawns in the cities where there are no field mice but if they take the same cat into the country where hawks and owls live they will find he is the greatest mouse killer of any of our birds' enemies and how can men stand on the platform and advocate the destruction of the house cat and protection of great horned owl, goshawk, cooper's, sharp-shinned and marsh hawks, crows and grackles for the positive facts are that the house cat is by far the greatest mouse killer according to the amount of birds he kills of any one of the above mentioned birds of prey.

In other words the house cat is the natural mouse hunter but takes birds if he can get them but these hawks and owls are natural bird hunters but will take mice if they cannot get birds. All men that are acquainted with the above mentioned creatures know that this is true. Now don't anyone be led to believe that I am in favor of the house cat. I have not kept one on my premises for over thirty years and I destroy everyone that comes on my place but the great horned owl is five times as bad on birds as the cat ever was. Never in my life have I known a cat to climb over fifteen feet high in a tree for the sole purpose of getting a bird's nest nor have I seen his claw marks around an empty nest that high in a tree but there is no bird that can build high or low enough to be out of reach of the great horned owl. Moreover, the great horned owl will kill adult wild geese, turkeys, ducks, full grown chickens and so forth that the cat is hardly if ever, known to kill.

The great horned owl is one of the hardest, if not the hardest birds of prey, we have to control, because he comes like a thief in the night and the darker the night the keener his eyesight appears to be, thus my greatest defence has been jump traps disguised on poles. I fail to find a successful game keeper, who doesn't control them, for once they take a bird of any variety, he will keep it up while food lasts and common sense tells us, he is just as bad on the pheasants, Hungarian partridge, quail and grouse, that the governments are liberating in the wilds as he is in the sanctuary or game farm where they purchased the game birds from. One regret of my life's study and observation is, I have never seen where a great horned owl has ever been killed by a natural enemy.

Now jumping down from the largest of our owls to one of the smallest, let me say, the most sickening and heart breaking sight I ever witnessed was of the remnants of song and insectivorous birds I found at a screech owl's nest less than a half mile from my home and don't think for a moment he will only kill English sparrows but he will clean up on your purple martins and you people who are writing me wanting to know why your martins left their homes after they had started nesting, just go up and examine the house

and nine times out of ten you will find a screech owl is or has had possession.

Dear people, don't think I am one who wants to kill and exterminate any variety of bird. The real itching of my trigger finger has been gone for over half my life. As proof of this, my home surroundings is one continuous song of our insectivorous and choicest and most loveable birds that can be selected, brought about through controlling their enemies. Yes, I belong to the humane society and if a boy was to start killing and torturing birds, as their natural enemies do, our humane society will at once check him up. Do we think more of the hawks and owls than we do of our own rising generations?

The most plentiful I have ever seen hawks was at Point Pelee; yet in this same locality we had three men in one week owning young apple orchards, come to my home and inquire how to poison mice. Here at my bird sanctuary where I am condemned for killing hawks there are practically no mice at all.

Great how some men can give advice on running a bird sanctuary to raise birds and control them, and possibly they had the blind down nearly the whole year to keep the sun from dazzling their eyes. Mother always said, "An old maid could give you more free advice on how to raise a family than ten successful mothers."

If you have a hatching of several hundred pure bred choice chickens and put them out, and hawks start reducing your flocks, are you supposed to go in the house and read some Government bulletin or other literature to find out whether this is a valuable hawk nine days out of ten. I say right here, take ex-President Calvin Coolidge's advice when he said, "Let every man do the duty closest to him," or in other words, take the gun and control him because when your chickens are gone he will only start at your neighbors.

Knowing the depredation of the middle size and smaller hawks as I do, and have known all my life, I am completely bewildered to know why intelligent men will advocate the stocking of a country with song, insectivorous and game birds and make stringent laws to punish even a child for molesting one of them, and at the same time frame laws protecting hawks that eat these useful birds up alive.

One great excuse is that these hawks and owls kill mice. Let me ask you this question. Are mice the farmers' great dread in America? No; the multiplying of weed seeds that the majority of song and insectivorous birds live on throughout the width and breadth of America is what is bothering us, and I never was prouder of our own local Game Protective Association than I was at our last meeting when they stood up unanimously in favor of putting the quail on the song bird list. The Bob-White Quail and the Mourning Dove are the two most valuable birds we have on the North American continent, and if any person tells you that each bird will destroy as many, and more, than ten thousand weed seeds in one day you believe it, and if we want these birds to increase we have got to reduce the hawks in the same proportion as other birds have been reduced the last fifty years. Remember, one Sharp Shinned Hawk will kill hundreds of birds in a year.

It is not humanity and the boys of our land that are keeping our song and insectivorous birds down; education has stopped that. It is the birds' natural enemies that are out of proportion.

One evening last Fall four miles from my home when the Marsh hawks were migrating there were fourteen in sight at once, yet men are telling me now "They are on the decrease," they must have poor eyesight or the sun dazzles their eyes. Talk about hawks being scare, I shot seventeen hawks in less than three hours. Do not forget readers, these various hawks follow our valuable birds to the South and back again.

Several of my most particular friends who do not see eye to eye with me on the hawk question, but who are among my best friends just the same, are coming from as far

as three hundred miles to tag young Mourning Doves around my little thirty-acre plantation, where the doves nest by the hundreds. And this same class of men will take me in their parks near their homes and wonder why the Mourning doves, Cardinals and Robins are not as plentiful in their parks, and in the same breath call my attention to a mother Crow on her nest, and possibly to what they call a beautiful hawk sitting on a dead limb across the golf course, and these two birds dominating the whole situation. Why do not these men go to these places to tag Mourning doves and Robins instead of coming here, where we control the hawks and other natural enemies? And, by the way, right here let me say to the men of the world, because we do not see eye to eye along the line of any study, do not let that make us enemies, because there is nothing that will help a friend more than real friendly constructive criticism. An Indian once said, "Everybody think like me, everybody want my squaw."

So many people write in and say they like actions of hawks. All I can say is, how can a man be humane and watch a hawk come down out of the air and catch and eat a song, insectivorous, weed seed eating bird, eat it practically alive? To me, it is more cruel than a Spanish bull fight I read about, which means either life or death to the bull or the fighter, because the innocent bird has no fighting chance.

To read some letters that are darted at me, one would believe I did not know an eagle from a gnat, but nevertheless where is the man in America, who has watched and killed more hawks and owls than I have the last fifty-five years, and know for myself from all standpoints their relations and their depredations among all other game birds; and if some of the men who have written criticising letters to me would go out in the fields and woods and investigate for themselves, I have this much confidence in them, that they would write letters of apology.

I have been opening hawk's crops all my life and have always known what they live on, but so many men claimed the sanctuary attracted the hawks, that last September when hawks were migrating I went a quarter of a mile east of my sanctuary, built a blind in a fence corner and used a cage eight feet square with twenty-five to fifty Bronze Grackle (Crow Black Birds) and Cow birds for decoys and in the Fall as the hawks in this locality migrate from East to the West, I got the hawks fully a quarter of a mile before they got to the sanctuary. Each night as the weather was warm I would pack them in common salt and express them to the Biological Department of the Ontario Royal Museum at Toronto, Ontario. The accompanying report sent back to me speaks for itself. They were all killed by myself. The owls I shot at night around the sanctuary. All I wish to say is, during September, kill this many hawks yourself and do not take mine or the other fellow's word for it. The facts are, I am giving the balance of my life to the study of conservation, and I know I have struck a plan to test out the

good and bad hawks, and if you men who are constantly writing offensive letters to me because of my stand against the hawks and Crows, are not satisfied, with this Black Bird decoy proposition, next year I will use Bob-White quail and Mourning doves for decoys. I do not expect to shoot the three big, clumsy variety of hawks, for as I have said before, while they will kill a few rabbits, snakes, etc., I know they are not destructive to our small and loveable birds. Moreover, I know Mr. Redtail will kill Crows and I know that the death of one Crow means more live songsters, but remember the Red-tail and Red-shoulder hawks are among the worst enemies the farmers' domestic fowl have to contend with, especially, after fowl are a month old, hence, he gets the name of hen or chicken hawk but the Marsh hawk is the worst on the younger chickens. I have seen a marsh hawk take a young wood duck when it dove in six inches of water. Thus, if a marsh hawk will do that here in presence of man, what will it do to young ducks in our vast marshes? Yet, some of we wise human beings want to protect the marsh hawks that kill dozens of young ducks if he can find them and prosecute humanity for killing one out of season. Moreover, the marsh hawk is one of the fastest breeding hawks we have, nests on the ground and if not molested, he raises from four to five young. I have a motion picture of five young in the nest. Another nest I located through a neighbor complaining about his little leghorn chicks disappearing, had four young and was completely surrounded by remnants of white leghorn chicks, which if left to mature was worth more to the farmer than all the hawks in the community. Yet, in this man's Canadian home, he had a pack of Government literature published over a thousand miles away, in a foreign country explaining the value of this same hawk. Just before we print the findings by museum, I wish to say that some people advocate the protection of the crow because he eats grasshoppers and defends the hawk because he eats a few docile crickets for a month or six weeks in the year. The only ones making this complaint are the City people because the farmers know enough to keep a flock of turkeys to condense the hoppers into Thanksgiving Dinners at fifty cents a pound.

This last summer I spent two weeks on Manitoulin Island and the biggest crop they had was condensed grasshoppers into turkeys weighing from fifteen to thirty pounds each. I read in the paper where eight thousand turkeys were shipped from the Island in one shipment.

The question now, I want to ask is, What do these cricket- and grasshopper-eating hawks and crows live on, the other nine months in the year? The fact is practically any one bird they kill whether it be the Mourning dove, Thrush, Quail or others will do as much good as one hawk and there isn't power enough on earth to convince me but what there are many a hawk of certain species that have killed three hundred and sixty-five valuable birds the last year or in other words of an average of a bird a day.

NOTE

The above article was written by the late Jack Miner and published throughout the United States and Canada nearly twenty-five years ago. Jack Miner always puts humanity first. Humanity had a greater place in his life than the lower Animal Kingdom. We have laws in all North America to prosecute, fine and imprison humanity if they stole chickens or if they shot a pheasant out of season. Most certainly Jack Miner was not in favor of protecting a hawk that committed the same act. Let's put it this way, Jack Miner was not in favor of protecting a hawk or great horned owl that would take a pheasant, grouse or quail daily and prosecute a man who committed the same act.

Some organizations advocate hawk protection but allow the farmer to protect his chickens. If the farmer has a right to protect his chickens why shouldn't the sportsmen have a right to protect their pheasants that have been raised at the expense of thousands of dollars in hatcheries? Hawks are not good to eat, no one goes out hunting hawks and the few hawks a hunter shoots only helps to Balance Nature. If man shoots bird and animal life that is good to eat he upsets Nature's Balance if he does not reduce the predators to the same proportion. Jack Miner used to say he never could understand some bird lovers who would feed our valuable, lovable cardinals, chickadees and other lovely birds all winter that live on insects and weed seeds all the summer and want to protect a hawk that ate them up in the spring or as he often would say, men and women will go to all the trouble to build, paint and erect a martin house for the lovely martins that live on winged insects especially the typhoid fly but forbid any one of killing a screech owl that often goes in the martin house and not only kills and eats both the young and old martins but these screech owls will build their own nests in these houses erected for the martins and not even allow the martins to go in the house and nest and raise young. Jack Miner would say, "let us apply more common sense and less nonsense". Don't put your boy or mine in jail for killing a song and insectivorous birds and favor the protection of hawks which commit the same act.

EXAMINATION OF HAWKS AT ROYAL MUSEUM OF ZOOLOGY, BLOOR ST. AND AVE. ROAD, TORONTO 5, ONTARIO

1929—Species—Contents

December 27—Marsh Hawk—Remains of English Sparrow.
January 16—Marsh Hawk—Starling and English Sparrow.
May 15—Marsh Hawk—English Sparrow and Meadow Mouse.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Cowbird (female).
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Cowbird, also female.
November 12—1928—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Remains of English Sparrow.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—English Sparrow.
December 6—Sharp Shinned Hawk—English Sparrow.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—English Sparrow.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Empty.
September —Cooper's Hawk—Young Plymouth Rock Chicken.
November —Cooper's Hawk—Remains of Domestic Pigeon.
March 5—Cooper's Hawk—Starling.
November 8—Cooper's Hawk—English Sparrow.
March 5—Cooper's Hawk—English Sparrow.
December 6—Cooper's Hawk—Empty.
December 2—Red Tailed Hawk—Trace of vegetable matter.
February 18—1930—Red Tailed Hawk—Remains of duck and beach mouse.
January 20—1930—Red Tailed Hawk—One male Shrew and one bronzed Grackle.
October 4—Barn Owl—Two Jumping Mice.
November 23—Long Eared Owl—Two Beech Mice and one Deer Mouse.
December 6—Snow White Owl—One Song Sparrow and insect debris.
November 12—Screech Owl—At least two Grasshoppers.
November 11—Screech Owl—Two Ground Beetles.
December 10 — Screech Owl—Remains of one Chickadee.
March 17—Great Horned Owl—Empty.

1930—Species—Contents

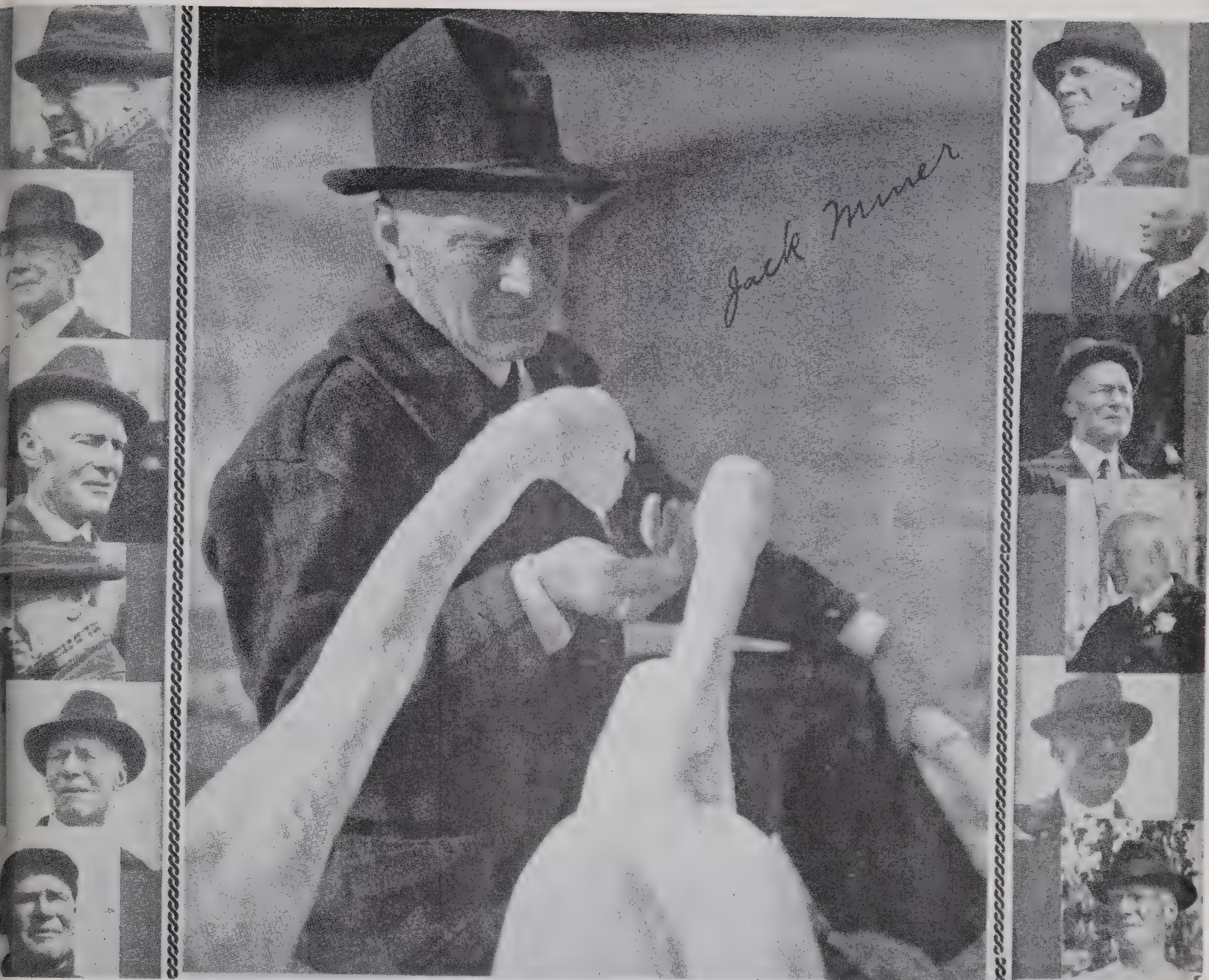
August 20—Marsh Hawk—Remains of a young Morning Dove.
September 5—Sharp Shinned—Part of remains of House Wren.
September 5—Sharp Shinned—Part of remains of a Song Sparrow.
September 8—Sharp Shinned—Nearly entire remains of an English Sparrow. Fragments from a parrot taken at an earlier feeding. Few oat grains from Sparrow crop.
September 8—Sharp Shinned—Remains of English Sparrow and also part of feet of another English Sparrow taken at earlier feeding. Several oat grains from Sparrow crop and a few dry grass seeds.
September 8—Sharp Shinned—Feathers and a few bones of a young Robin.
September 8—Sharp Shinned—Remains of English Sparrow, fresh, and part of feet of another from an earlier feeding. Four oat grains from Sparrow crop.
September 8—Sharp Shinned—Part of the remains of an English Sparrow. Oats from the crop of a Sparrow.
September 3—Sharp Shinned—Stomach empty.
September 8—Sharp Shinned—Stomach empty.
The following were taken latter part of September and October:
Marsh Hawk—Contained part of remains of Olive Backed Thrush.
Marsh Hawk—Empty.
Marsh Hawk—Feathers and bones of House Sparrow and Thrush.
Marsh Hawk—Feathers and bones of Mourning Dove and feet of a White Breasted nut Hatch.
Marsh Hawk—Feathers and bone of House Sparrow and of small native Sparrow.
Marsh Hawk—Part of remains of a young (pinfeathers) Plymouth Rock Chicken.
Cooper's Hawk—Remains of at least one Mourning Dove.
Cooper's Hawk—Trace of bird feathers.
Cooper's Hawk—Remains of House Sparrow.
Cooper's Hawk—Empty.
Cooper's Hawk—Feathers of Grackle.
Cooper's Hawk—Remains of domestic fowl. Two leaves, probably taken accidentally.
Coopers Hawk—Empty.
Sharp Shinned—Empty.
Sharp Shinned—A few unidentified feathers of birds.
Sharp Shinned—Feathers of a Thrush.
Sharp Shinned—Trace of feathers only.
Sharp Shinned—Feathers of a Maryland Yellow Throat.
Sharp Shinned—Feathers and remains of House Sparrow.
Sharp Shinned—Feathers of Thrush.
Sharp Shinned—Feathers and remains of House Sparrow and a Warbler.
Sharp Shinned—Feathers of a Black Bird.
Sharp Shinned—Empty.

Sharp Shinned—Remains of a Chickadee.
Sharp Shinned—Remains of a Chickadee.
Sharp Shinned—Parts of remains of a Chickadee.
Sharp Shinned—Feathers of a Nut Hatch; parts of a small bird foot.
Sharp Shinned—Feathers of a Black Bird.
Sharp Shinned—Few remains of a native Sparrow.
Sharp Shinned—Empty.
Sharp Shinned—Few feathers of a small bird, perhaps a Warbler.
Sharp Shinned—Empty.
Sharp Shinned—Empty.
Sharp Shinned—Empty.
Sharp Shinned—Part of remains of a White Breasted Nut Hatch.
Sharp Shinned—Empty.
Sharp Shinned—Empty.
Sharp Shinned—Feathers of a House Sparrow.
Sharp Shinned—Feathers of a Thrush.
Short Eared Owl—Remains of at least two Sapsuckers, one almost entire.
Great Horned Owl—Part of remains of a young Ring-Necked Pheasant.
Great Horned Owl—Part of remains of a young Ring-Necked Pheasant.
Broadwinged Hawk—Empty.
Broadwinged Hawk—A few insect remains.
Broadwinged Hawk—Remains of forty-four Crickets.
Pigeon Hawk—Remains of a Warbler.
Sparrow Hawk—Remains of a Dragon Fly; partial remains of nine Crickets.
Cooper's Hawk—Some rodent hair apparently Rat.
Red Tailed Hawk—A young Blowing Adder.
Sparrow Hawk—Insects, mostly Grasshoppers, Crickets and Dragon Flies.
Red Tailed Hawk—Entire remains of a Bronzed Grackle, gizzard of another bird (from former feeding) which was of the same size as Grackle, two gravels and some coarse grain chaff.
Sparrow Hawk—Remains of fourteen Crickets.
Sparrow Hawk—Remains of eighteen Crickets, one Moth, one Grasshopper, several feathers of a small bird, apparently an English Sparrow.
Long Eared Owl—Traces of hair.
Screech Owl—Six feathers of a small bird.

1931—Species—Contents

September 8—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Bones, feathers and flesh of Mourning Doves.
September 11—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Feathers of an immature Starling.
September 11—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Stomach empty.
September 12—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Unidentified feathers of small bird.
September 16—Sharp Shinned Hawk—English Sparrow.
September 17—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Remains of a Thrush.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Few small feathers of an unidentified bird.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Feathers of a small bird, unidentified.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Stomach empty.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—English Sparrow.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Oven Bird.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Part of a Mourning Dove, Starling and a Meadow Lark.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Feathers of two birds (possibly English Sparrow).
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Red Bat.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—English Sparrow.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Feathers of a Cowbird.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—One Song Sparrow.
September 18—Sharp Shinned Hawk—English Sparrow.
September 19—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Stomach empty.
September 19—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Remains of unidentified Sparrow and one oat.
September 19—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Remains of a young Gold Finch.
September 19—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Three very small unidentified black feathers.
September 19—Sharp Shinned Hawk—English Sparrow.
September 22—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Empty.
September 22—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Cowbird.
September 22—Sharp Shinned Hawk—One unidentified feather.
September 23—Sharp Shinned Hawk—English Sparrow.
September 23—Sharp Shinned Hawk—English Sparrow.
September 23—Sharp Shinned Hawk—English Sparrow.
September 25—Sharp Shinned Hawk—One small unidentified feather.
September 30—Sharp Shinned Hawk—Remains of unidentified bird (Native Sparrow).

September 4—Cooper's Hawk—Swamp Sparrow.
September 4—Cooper's Hawk—Trace of feathers.
September 11—Cooper's Hawk—Hungarian Partidge feathers.
September 12—Cooper's Hawk—Mourning Dove.
September 16—Coopers Hawk—English Sparrow.
September 19—Cooper's Hawk—Starling.
September 19—Coopers Hawk—Feathers (unidentified).
October 1—Cooper's Hawk—Trace of feathers.
October 13—Coopers Hawk—Empty.
October 20—Cooper's Hawk—Empty.
November 5—Cooper's Hawk—Parts of a Starling and Golden Crowned Kinglet.
November 11—Cooper's Hawk—Parts of a Bronze Grackle and an English Sparrow.
November 17—Cooper's Hawk—Parts of a Starling and English Sparrow.
November 23—Cooper's Hawk—Starling.
November 26—Cooper's Hawk—Starling (also one Nemetode Worm).
November 26—Cooper's Hawk—Starling.
December 9—Cooper's Hawk—Small fragments of vegetable materials including leaves and seeds (2 lamb's quarters), some unidentified gelatinous substance (possibly frog flesh).
December 9—Cooper's Hawk—Starling, English Sparrow, Bronze Grackle, a small quantity of gravel.
December 9—Cooper's Hawk—Starling.
December 30—Cooper's Hawk—Starling.
December 30—Cooper's Hawk—Starling.
December 30—Cooper's Hawk—Starling.
December 30—Cooper's Hawk—One unidentified feather, very small.
February 1932—Cooper's Hawk—Starling.
March 2—Cooper's Hawk—Parts of an English Sparrow and Starling (a few feathers).
March 2—Cooper's Hawk—Starling.
March 2—Cooper's Hawk—Starling.
April 5—Cooper's Hawk—Parts of a Pigeon and Starling.
April 19—Cooper's Hawk—Starling.
July 20—Marsh Hawk—Parts of a Meadow Lark, Starling and Native Sparrow.
July 20—Marsh Hawk—Meadow Lark.
July 20—Marsh Hawk—Parts of a young Meadow Lark and a Vesper Sparrow.
September 8—Marsh Hawk—Parts of an English Sparrow and feathers of a Meadow Lark.
September 17—Marsh Hawk—Small fragments of a leaf stem.
September 19—Marsh Hawk—Small mass of fragments of feathers (unidentified).
July 20—Marsh Hawk—Unidentified bird remains (possibly foreign or domesticated).
August 20—Marsh Hawk—Empty.
September 16—Marsh Hawk—Meadow Lark.
September 10—Marsh Hawk—Black Bird feathers (feathers of some small unidentified bird).
February 11—1932—Marsh Hawk—Starling.
September 25—1931—Broad Winged Hawk—22.
November 26—1931—Long Eared Owl—Starling, crickets and 3 grasshoppers.
March 28—1932—Great Horned Owl—Empty.
March 28—1932—Great Horned Owl—Empty.
September 31—1931—Sparrow Hawk—1 Necrophorus Beetle, remains of 6 or 7 field crickets, Gryllus, 1 moth, 2 water bugs, Belostomia, many locust or cricket eggs, large number of small fragments of chitin.
September 22—1931—Sparrow Hawk—Remains of 11 crickets, Gryllus Pennsylvanianus.
September 30—1931—Sparrow Hawk—9 crickets, Gryllus Pennsylvanianus.
November 2—1931—Red Shoulder Hawk—Insect fragment.
November 11—1931—Red Tailed Hawk—Empty.
September 4—1931—Screech Owl—White footed mouse, large beetle (leaf chafer), 5 large crickets, Gryllus.
September 4—Screech Owl—Large Cricket.
September 8—Screech Owl—Fragments of at least four crickets. Gryllus and eggs from same.
September 28—Screech Owl—Remains of one spider, fragments of large insect, probably cricket, remains of house mouse and also millipede.
November—1931—Screech Owl—Small mass of hair (mouse or shrew).
November 2—Screech Owl—Small amount of animal matter unidentified but apparently insects fragments.
November 2—Screech Owl—English Sparrow.
November 2—Screech Owl—English Sparrow.
November 2—Screech Owl—Few feathers of unidentified bird.
November 9—Screech Owl—Feathers of small bird, appears like English Sparrow, part of mouse.
November 9—Screech Owl—Starling, remains of millipede.
November 11—Screech Owl—One Micratus (Meadow Mouse).
November 23—Screech Owl—Empty.
December 9—Screech Owl—Empty.
December 30—Screech Owl—English Sparrow.
December 30—Screech Owl—Empty (trace of vegetable matter).
December 30—Screech Owl—Remains of one small unidentified bird (probably a winter wren feathers only).



— JACK MINER — An Honor to Canada

Editorial - Summerside Journal - October 3 - 1947

EDITORIAL, Chatham, Ontario News, and 100 other Canadian papers: "AN HONOR TO CANADA. The inclusion of Jack Miner's name among the fifteen great personages of the world is an honor to the man and to Canada, where this great naturalist carried on his work. Others listed are Livingstone, Shakespeare, Burbank, Pasteur, Bell, Edison, Laura Secord, Grenfell, Banting, Lord Kelvin, Churchill, George Washington, Florence Nightingale and John Bunyan. All may not agree that this is the best selection; some may prefer to delete names and add others in their place. But there can be no doubt that Jack Miner deserves such recognition no matter on what basis a list of the world's great men were being prepared. His labor was unique, and its benefits in the conservation of wild life are incalculable. Although the man himself is dead, the inspiring record of his work must result in that work being continued with the support of private contributions and public grants."

April 10, 1865 - JACK MINER - Nov. 3, 1944

One year before Jack Miner died, King George VI of England bestowed upon Jack Miner the O.B.E., with a citation which read, "for the greatest achievement in Conservation in the British Empire." On April 10, 1954, Senator Joseph Bradette, Canadian Senate, in paying tribute to Jack Miner over a nation-wide radio program said: "The European countries gave the world great sculptors, great philosophers, great musicians, but Canada gave the world its great Naturalist, Jack Miner." On April 3, 1959, Mayor Louis C. Miriani of Detroit, Michigan, in issuing a Proclamation of that city honoring Jack Miner referred to Jack Miner "as the world's greatest Naturalist and founder of the Sanctuary which bears his name." On April 11, 1960, The Honorable Leslie Frost, Q.C., LL.D., D.C.L., Prime Minister of Ontario, referred to Jack Miner as "Canada's Greatest Naturalist", while The Hon. Anders O. Aalborg, Minister of Education for Alberta on March 16, 1964, referred to Jack Miner as "Canada's Greatest and Most-loved Naturalist". On April 6, 1964, Mr. H. J. B. Gough, Dept. of Education, Newfoundland, referred to Jack Miner as "Our Nation's Greatest Conservationist". On April 13, 1964, The Windsor Daily Star (Ont.), speaking editorially of Jack Miner, said "The Greatest Conservationist This Continent Has Ever Known."



The late Jack Miner who in 1943 was honored by King George VI of Great Britain when he conferred upon him the C.B.E.

MY late father, Jack Miner, never swore, nor did he use slang; yet well do I remember, many times, his coming into the house after having spent a couple of hours around the Sanctuary with students who had majored in wild life management at some university and how he would say to the family, "Education isn't worth a darn without the learning."

Last winter, as one of the Board of Governors of a prominent Canadian college, I had occasion to attend a banquet at which Professor T. Albert Brown, B.A., M.A., principal of Victoria University, Toronto, addressed the gathering. His subject was: "Education is only a veneer, and soon washes off if it is not made practical."

On June 8th, 1949, I heard The Rev. Eugene M. Burke, C.S.P., C.T.D., Professor of Dogmatic Theology of The Catholic University of America, addressing the graduates of Marygrove University, and the subject of his address was—"A College degree does not say you are an educated person."

Since my father died, in 1944, I have come in contact with many of the students of wild life management as they visit this Sanctuary which my father created. Most of them are young men between twenty-five and thirty years of age; and when they come here I find they all want to talk at once, want to make the place over and tell us how it ought to be run; "Nature's balance", "upsetting Nature", and "Nature's own" are some of their phrases. After listening to them for a while, I realize more than ever what my father meant when he said, "Education isn't worth a darn without the learning," and what Professor Brown meant when he said, "Education is only a veneer if it isn't made practical."

First of all I want to explain that I am fifty years of age; that I am not a hunter. I do not shoot game, and yet I am not one of those people who believe in protecting certain species of hawks which steal chickens, partridges, pheasants and grouse while at the same time we put a man in jail for committing the same act. I belong to the Humane Society, yet I am not one who would rather see the wolves drag down a deer and tear it to pieces than I would see a hunter shoot it, bringing instant death and using it as food for humanity. I

I Thank God I Never Attended

One corner of the world famous Jack Miner bird sanctuary where Jack Miner started his conservation efforts in 1904. Jack Miner was a pioneer to start bird banding to gain scientific knowledge. In 1906 the Minneapolis Journal carried an editorial which referred to him as the father of The Conservation Movement on the Continent.



am not one of those who believe in seeing the Buck Law go to extreme and the does left to grow so old that their teeth drop out and they die of starvation. I am not one of those who believe that when food gets scarce for deer in a certain area they should be allowed to starve. I believe in letting man reduce the oversupply for food for his kind, whether this be done by hunters or by game wardens—the local situation would and should determine that. I am not one who wants to see a herd of deer increase in a park until they become reduced in stature by interbreeding; man should reduce such a herd, and not some back-to-Nature theorist suggest bringing in a pack of wolves.

I subscribe more fully than ever to my late father's theory of game management. In this connection he made three great statements, which I plan to publicize widely. Here are the statements:

(1) Nature is wonderful. Man is more wonderful; God is most wonderful.

(2) Man is Nature's first assistant, or God's Viceroy. What is man without God, and what is God without man?—They are, or should be, partners.

(3) God put the birds and animals here for man's use and for man to control. The same is true in regard to plant life. He made the weeds at the same time that he made the vegetables, but it is man's job to destroy the weeds so that vegetation good for man can exist.

I was born here, on our Bird Sanctuary, and went with my late father in 1904 to secure his first wing-tipped geese. During the last forty years I was as close to Nature in the fields and forests as he was. The only difference was that for the thirty years between 1910 and 1940 he travelled from Newfoundland to Alaska and from Florida to Hudson's Bay, while I did not. He visited every park and was on a number of Game Commissions which had certain problems to solve. From my own experience here in our own Sanctuary and from what I learned from his observations I saw clearly that what might solve a problem in one vicinity, in another, owing to local conditions, might not be applicable.

For instance, here, at our Sanctuary in Essex County, we

two post-graduate courses."

Another time two young men, nearing thirty years of age and possessing wild life management degrees, came in. They were employed by the Dominion Government. During the course of their conversation they were speaking in the "balance of Nature" strain, and I said to them: "If you liberate two hundred ring-necked pheasants this spring in Point Pelee Park, and the coyotes, foxes, hawks and great horned owls kill fifty, will you have as many in the fall?" They answered: "Yes. Nature will balance itself." I think those young men might better have majored in arithmetic than in Wild Life Management.

I said to one of these young men: "Our theory is that if we raise 1,000 ducks in this county and 1,000 crows, and the hunters shoot 500 ducks for food, then we should shoot 500 crows." He, with his university degree, said: "What have the crows got to do with it?" I hardly answered him. The fact of the matter is that I have excellent reasons for believing (and how I come to have those reasons is a story in itself) that in devouring the eggs of the ducks, crows are far more responsible than hunters for the fact that our duck population

As a preface to this article I would like to tell a short story.

During the last forty years of father's (Jack Miner's) life his closest friend was a man by the name of Mr. W. E. Saunders, brother of Dr. Charles Saunders of Marquis Wheat fame. This friend possessed all the academic degrees that could be bestowed upon him and while we had hundreds of biologists and ornithologists visit our Sanctuary yet we considered Mr. Saunders the greatest authority of them all, such as knowing the scientific and latin names of our song and insectivorous birds while on the contrary my late father only knew these birds by their habits.

Here is where these two men disagreed: Mr. Saunders claimed that man had exterminated the passenger pigeon, father then maintained if man had done that man should shoot certain species of hawks to the same proportion or else nature was out of balance. Father maintained if man shot red deer for food man should reduce the timber wolves to the same proportion. Mr. Saunders maintained that nature would balance itself while father maintained that man had upset nature's balance and it was up to man to balance same.

Here is the nice part of the story—these two men lived to be practically eighty years of age and they did not allow their difference of opinion to interfere with their friendly relationship. Mr. Saunders would honor us with three or four visits a year and in later years he and father would sleep together and discuss their views until early hours in the morning and one of the last friendly acts he did toward Mr. Saunders was to journey to London, Ontario and be the guest speaker at a testimonial banquet and pay tribute to this friend's christian life.

The following article may be to some a controversial subject. If you do not agree with my views let's still remain friends and I will journey to your city and speak at your testimonial banquet. If you educated people feel I have been too abrupt in making myself understood or expressing myself just say to yourself, "He is not educated—and he does not have a Ph.D. degree in Wild Life Management."

A University—IF . . .

By Manly F. Miner

Eldest son of the late Jack Miner,
Canadian Naturalist

never have shot an eagle. While they would attack the geese quite often and keep them stirred up, yet we always have managed to control them without the use of a gun; in fact, we welcomed the sight of them while, my father told me, in some parts of Alaska, on several occasions, he had closed his eyes and opened them again and saw more eagles in view at one time than he had seen in all his lifetime in Ontario. Such a situation of control, as he would say, should be left untouched by outsiders, and the opinions of authorities in that certain locality be listened to rather than that of someone from three or four thousand miles away. That is not to say that because a few eagles are shot in Alaska, they should be shot anywhere in North America. In other words, I believe in man's control of the situation, and not the eagles' control.

Since 1909 we have banded approximately 50,000 ducks and 45,000 Canada geese. Father had to sit up night after night, when the moon shone, to invent nets for their capture, which, even then, had to be rebuilt several times before they became entirely effective. These experiments and structures cost him thousands of dollars. I helped thread gaspipe (from which he made the net frames) until my arms were sore. He would no more than get one done than he would have to alter it to effect an improvement. And while now this net works perfectly here, yet elsewhere changes have had to be made to produce equally satisfactory results. But my point is this: Every one of the young wild-life-management graduates who has visited our Sanctuary has found fault with our net and with our bird-banding system. Yet when I questioned them, I learned that not one had ever banded a duck or a goose. Now, when one of these arm-chair naturalists tells me how it ought to be done, my reply is: "Brother, you have all of North America—yes, the entire world—in which to put your theories into practice."

A group of five came in, last spring, from a near-by university, and one said, "Why do you put the shelled corn in the water under the net?" I did not answer this question. Instead, I asked him how long he had spent in college and university, and he told me, "Eight years, because I have taken

does not increase.

Every summer, here at our Sanctuary, in the evergreen trees (mostly red cedar) we have over three hundred occupied mourning doves' nests of young or eggs; and each pair raises from three to four broods during a season. The greatest enemy of these doves is the bronze grackle (crow, blackbird). They eat the eggs of the doves as well as the baby doves newly hatched, the same as crows prey on the eggs of larger birds. We have a trap in which we catch these blackbirds and control them. At just this season (early summer) a few years ago, about two hundred ornithologists visited our bird haven; they could well be described as "the scientific group of North America." As they walked by this trap, which held perhaps a hundred blackbirds, only five made remarks; and not two remarks were the same. Here is what the five said:

- (1) They are our most valuable bird in eating grubs.
 - (2) They are not half as black as they are painted.
 - (3) I would rather have blackbirds than the doves.
 - (4) They are as bad on small birds' eggs as the crows are on larger eggs.
 - (5) They have their place in Nature.
- Not two had the same verdict. Not one said anything about



control; because we were only controlling them here on our Sanctuary. We were not—and are not—exterminating them. As certain species of hawks, great horned owls and the occasional goshawk, attract our birds, we shoot them. We never go off our property hunting such predators. Mostly they are Cooper's and sharp-shinned hawks. Some few years ago we sent those we have shot to a museum, as specimens to be mounted, and also to have the contents of their stomachs analyzed, and Father printed a pamphlet giving the results. Soon afterwards a well-written, four-page circular was produced by a group of these wild-life-management graduates and scientific men, in which they condemned, more or less, the stand my father had taken. I was much younger then than I am now, and I didn't want to get into controversy with them; but I sent their four-page pamphlet to the intelligence bureau of a prominent university from which many of the men had graduated, and asked them to analyze this attack on my father for his practice of controlling the enemies of our more valuable birds. The intelligence bureau returned the pamphlet, and in every place where the name Jack Miner appeared, they had underlined it with red pencil. They made this solitary comment: "The subject of this pamphlet seems to be Jack Miner, not the birds."

As I grew older I looked more keenly at the life and career of one of the older men in this group of Canadians who had attacked my father for his custom of

shooting a few destructive hawks for the protection of more valuable birds. Father had shot only a few hundred hawks in his whole lifetime. This other man had the largest known private collection of song, insectivorous and other birds, in drawers in his attic—not hundreds but thousands of specimens which he had shot over a period of fifty or sixty years. He boasted of possessing the last passenger pigeon he had ever seen. He had the last of this, and the last of that. I must say that while I never went to a university, this incident has been a great blessing to me and taught me always to respect the other fellow's opinion, whether I agreed with it or not. In other words, I try to pull the mote out of my own eye.

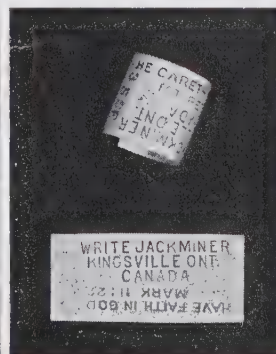
As I look back, I realize that because my father did shoot the occasional hawk, there are alive today thousands of more valuable birds, while, on the other hand, this older man of the group that condemned him left an attic full of dead warblers, song sparrows, wrens — yes, perhaps the largest private collection of dead bird-life on the continent. These song and insectivorous birds, if they had been permitted to live, would have made life more valuable and more beautiful for all of us living today. In other words, from a scientific angle, this man had combined his efforts with those of the hawks and destroyed the weed-seed eating and insect-eating birds which Jack Miner was striving to conserve.

To the young graduate or ornithologist half my age, let me repeat myself

and say, in all kindness: You have the entire world in which to put your theories into practice. I respect your opinions. But do not come here and try to make this place over until after you have created a sanctuary, or accomplished something else that is original in the field of natural history which will attract the public to the number of thirteen thousand (13,000), by actual count, in one day—a crowd that it takes fifteen men to manage and direct, a crowd that could see ducks and geese coming to our place of safety from hunters and their natural enemies, and which, in several cases, has carried our bands for twenty years, proving that they return to the same spot year after year.

To be more specific, look at the State of Pennsylvania, where man controls. There the deer, and other wild life, is managed by man. And man reaps the benefit—or, as my father used to say, "not a pack of wolves."

We have plenty of space in North America for all schools of thought. Those who want to see Nature in the rough can journey to Canada's wilds where man hardly exists; or they can look to several States in the United States to such game managers as Mr. Seth Gordon and the Pennsylvania Game Commission, where you find no fanatics from either angle, but a State where game exists and increases in the midst of millions of people, for the benefit of humanity and not for a horde of hungry wolves, foxes and hawks; in other words, as Jack Miner would say, "for man's use and control."



Reprint from June 1954 issue of *Fur, Fish and Game*. For Sale on all U.S. News Stands at 20 cents per copy. A. V. Harding, Editor. Published by The A. R. Harding Publishing Co., 175 E. Long Street, Columbus 15, Ohio, at \$1.50 per year.

(Printed in Canada)

This pamphlet written, printed, distributed and paid for by Manly F. Miner (eldest son of the late Jack Miner) Kingsville, Ont.

The JACK MINER BANDS

by Manly F. Miner,
Eldest Son of the Late Jack Miner — Canadian Naturalist



A few of the many thousands who visit the Jack Miner Foundation to witness the spring and fall migrations, watch intently as Jasper W. Miner liberates two Canada geese after they have been banded. Note the sincere expression on the spectators faces. A very unique picture of geese just above sightseers heads as they gain their liberty — Photo by Detroit News

"Work consists of something one is compelled to do, but pleasure consists of something one is not compelled to do," said Jack Miner.

HOW true those words are! I can well realize their force when I look back some fifty years, to August of 1909. Doing so, I fairly gasp for breath, seeing in perspective what a mammoth job it was for my late father and us, his three sons, to secure the first aluminum, buy our steel stencils to mark and address the bands, and then invent nets with which to trap the wariest of wildfowl, then catch, band and liberate fifty thousand ducks and fifty-five thousand Canada geese. I can truly say that the period in which we did this was a happy forty years. And while we miss our dear dad who has been called in death, we three sons are carrying on the work just as energetically as when father was with us. My youngest brother especially,

Jasper, who is nearing fifty years of age, is having a success in his bird-banding operations that quite equals that which we enjoyed when father was alive.

But the pioneer days especially stand out vividly in my mind because of the difficulties we encountered; it was a problem to secure the proper grade of aluminum; and it was another and still greater problem to catch the birds. All credit is due our late father for his steadfastness in building and rebuilding his nets, time after time, and for his inventive genius which continued to improve them until they were perfected to the extent that he was able to capture thousands of ducks and geese annually. It is rare enough for us citizens to see waterfowl flying high in the sky whether their flight be over our housetops in the city or over one's shotgun barrels in a marsh; but to attract them to a pond and lure them under a net which can be

closed down about them is something else again and a much more difficult proposition.

Much ink has been used in describing the value of birdbanding in tracing the migratory routes of the waterfowl of this continent. But little or nothing has been told about how often my father sent me, as a boy, to a hardware store in Detroit to buy sheet aluminum (it could not be secured in Canada); or how hard it was to persuade a man to cut those sheets of aluminum into little pieces just the right length and width to fit around the leg of a wildfowl.

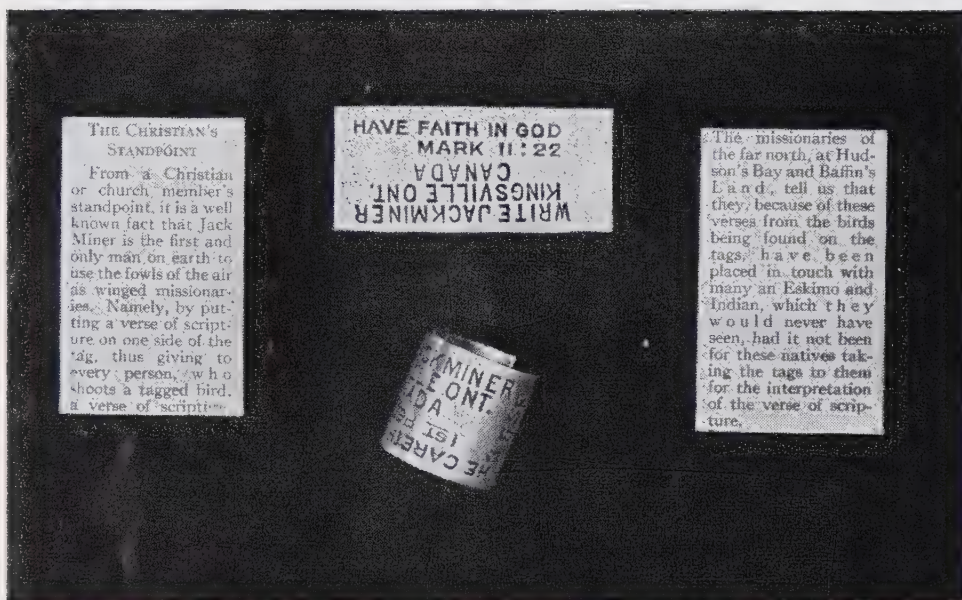
We soon learned that certain grades of aluminum are harder than others; and as we began to have bands returned by hunters who had removed them from the legs of birds they had shot, we soon found that some aluminum wears better than other aluminum.

In the spring of 1925 a group of men came to visit our Sanctuary



by its owner with little evidence of wear.

The nice thing about this story is that although Mr. Mellon predeceased my father by several years, which broke a true friendship, yet each spring and fall the aluminum still continued to come. Then in the fall of 1944 father passed away. He now has been dead fifteen years, but still the aluminum comes for us boys to carry on his work. This is co-operation that could never be valued in dollars and cents. We sons, like our father, are truly wrapped up in our bird-banding project, and it has meant wonders to us to receive this priceless assistance from the Mellon family. Yet we are not the only ones who have benefited; the world has profited through the scientific data gained through my father's unique and successful system of bird banding and the long-term period over which it has extended.



When Jack Miner began to put verses of Scripture on his bands he began to have success. It was his way of taking God into partnership.

—Photo by Jack Van Coevering

from Pittsburgh. They came in three special coaches, with a special Pennsylvania engine hauling them. And what a historic visit that proved to be to us! In the group was one man, short and well dressed, who had very little to say. But after a time my father came to where I was, and I well remember the sparkle of pleasure in his eyes as he asked: "Who is that man? He has just said he is going to supply the aluminum we need to carry on our bird banding and missionary work with the birds!" "Father," I said, "that is Mr. Richard B. Mellon, President of the Mellon National Bank and also President of the Aluminum Company of the world." What a friendship sprang up between this visitor and

father! Mr. Mellon had his research department make a series of tests with aluminum; as a result of these they finally decided on a special preparation of aluminum and tin alloy which they called half hard and half soft, for our use. Each spring and fall we re-catch birds that were banded ten or more years earlier, and the bands show very little signs of wear. One goose which my brother caught had been banded twenty-four years before, and the inscription on the band was still perfectly readable. It was found that a soft preparation of aluminum wears much longer than a hard one, much as a gold ring on one's finger. Gold, as a metal, is soft; and many a gold ring has been worn for fifty years

To fashion these small pieces of aluminum into a round shape to fit quickly on the birds' legs, father had a home-made device in which he wrapped each band around a half-inch gas pipe. But how slow and laborious a procedure that was! I recall many a night when father and my younger brother sat up into the wee early hours of the morning, bending the bands on this piece of gas pipe into a half-moon form so they could be easily clinched on the birds' legs.

At about the time Mr. Mellon promised to supply the aluminum, father was in Chicago giving a lecture to an audience that filled the auditorium of the Field Museum in that city. After the lecture, a man approached him and said, "How do you bend the aluminum into the proper shape?" So father explained. The man then said, "If you will send me a piece of flat aluminum and a piece bent in the proper shape and proportion, I will make you a little machine to roll these bands as you require them and at the same time smooth the edges." Father did not know at that time that he was talking to Mr. Mueller, the world-famous inventor. In about six months' time there arrived a little machine into which one put the piece of aluminum, turned a crank, and out came the piece of aluminum shaped to fit the leg of a duck or a goose. This gadget is so unique, and works so fast, that it will prepare in an hour in spring and fall, bands that by the old hand method took days and nights to shape.



Photo by Dr. R. D. Sloane

Above: An unusual photo of a Canada goose and her nest, containing about twice the usual number of eggs.

Left: Manly F. Miner examining returned bands.

The Verse of Scripture on the Band

While father was never looked upon nor referred to as a religious fanatic, he certainly was a deeply sincere worshipper; and looking back over his bird-banding career I now can see very well what he meant when he would exclaim, "No work, or no life, is a success unless God is taken into partnership." The minute he started putting a verse of Scripture on each band, a national interest was created. And while the birds were used to spread the gospel, the plan enabled us, at the same time, to secure scientific data as to the percentage of ducks and geese shot in each country and in each state and province. Father was never concerned as to whether or not the male birds migrated north first; all he was interested in was that there should be some left alive, of both sexes, to migrate.

The first inkling we had of the value of the verse of Scripture came from the far north. The Indians and Eskimos of the Hudson Bay district, when they shot a goose, would take the band from its leg and bring it to the missionary. In turn, these men of

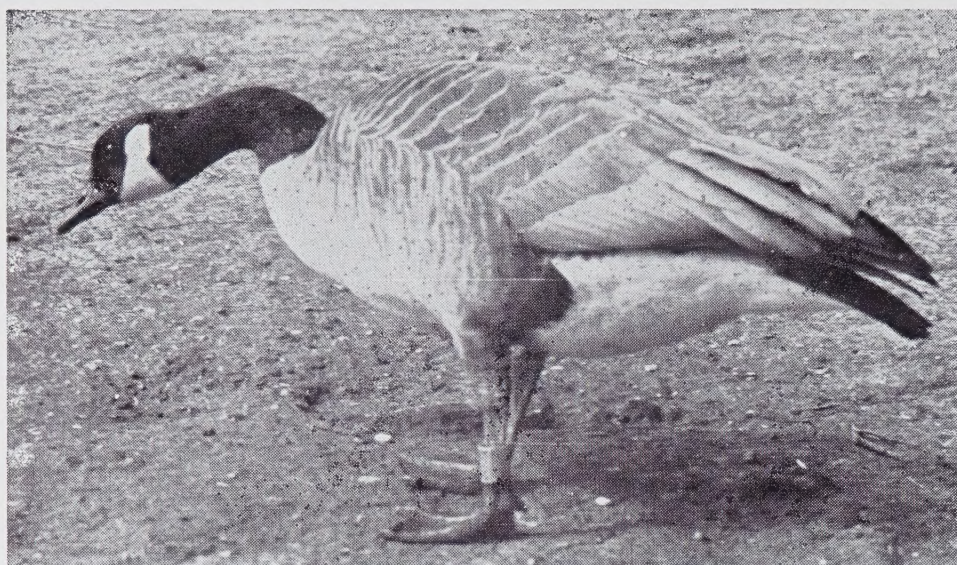
God in the Arctic Circle, regardless of denomination, acted as our agents in collecting these bands, together with the data as to when and where the bird was shot. The religious aspect of it was that the missionary would tell the natives to come out to church, and he would take the verse of Scripture that appeared on the band as his text. If the band had borne only a number, all agree that these people of the far north would have found no reason to take it to their missionary. Also, as my father used to say, it is doubtful whether Mr. Mellon of the Aluminum Company, or Mr. Mueller, the inventor, would have become as interested as they did in our bird banding had it not been for the moral influence of father's putting on the bands such divine messages: "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly," "Have faith in God," "He careth for you," and so on.

Away back in the early days of his banding of the birds it was hard for Jack Miner to convince officials of our Provincial and Federal Governments that there was a value in knowing where the most birds were being shot. When he had been band-

ing birds for twelve years (1909 to 1921) bird lovers began to awaken to the usefulness and value of the great volume of information secured even during that early period. With this, there sprang into existence many bird-banding organizations which were very successful in banding thousands of songbirds and insectivorous birds; but none carried on the mass banding of waterfowl which was being done here at our Sanctuary, and which was of the greatest importance to the sportsmen of the continent. The continent had no more enthusiastic promoter of bird banding than our late Percy A. Taverner, Dominion ornithologist.

In 1921 the United States government began to realize the importance of bird banding, and a department or agency in the Biological Survey was created which was known as the Bird-Banding Department and acted more or less as a clearing station for all bird-banding records. The government voted money each year to have this work carried on in a national way.

In 1921, when this department was created, full credit was given to the activities of my father, who had pioneered in waterfowl banding on a mass scale. He, more than any other individual, was given credit for persuading the United States government to act as it did, because the late Dr. E. W. Nelson, then chief of the Biological Survey, made three special trips to our Sanctuary to help us band ducks and geese. These visits were what sold him on the importance of bird banding. Well do I remember how, sitting with my father in front of our fireplace in the evening, he was spellbound by the evidence of letters and letters read



A Canada Goose Wearing A Jack Miner Band

to him which had been received by father from sportsmen who had shot birds carrying our bands. It was convincing evidence for anyone, individual or government.

Yet, no matter how big a movement grows to be, nor how successful time proves it, always there are the little jars and forces of opposition that seem to take the joy out of everything. Such an incident happened a few weeks after father's death—an action that hurt every one of us as a family and so deeply affected my younger brother that, though he is a man nearing fifty years of age, he wept.

We all recognize the fact that the waterfowl and the other bird life of the country belong to the whole body of the people of North America, and that laws enacted for their protection are administered by the Canadian and the United States Fish and Wild Life Services.

Two months after father died the Wild Life Administrator at Ottawa sent one of their civil servants here from the Scientific Research Data Department and informed us: "From now on, you will have to use another band, with a number on it and not a verse of Scripture." That this Canadian department, hardly waiting until my father's body was cold, should demand that we relinquish the original feature that was exclusively a characteristic of his bands, and that had proved so great an asset in the collection of them, confused and hurt us deeply. I use the word "hurt" because we did not so much get angry as feel crushed. It meant I had to go to Ottawa and interview our cabinet ministers; and, since our prime minister and the members of his cabinet are all Christ-

ian men who believe in God, they all proved sympathetic to our continuing to use our bands as originally designed, with the verse of Scripture appearing thereon. As a result, all birds banded at the Jack Miner Sanctuary are still carrying the original Jack Miner band, and will do so as long as we band waterfowl here at the Sanctuary.

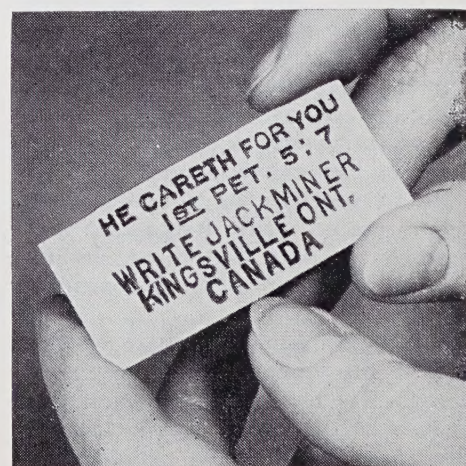
Now, on the other hand, Dr. Albert M. Day, chief of the United States Fish and Wild Life Service, last summer (1949) wrote a book entitled North American Waterfowl and, naturally, wanted to include in it an account of the activities of The Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary. How overjoyed and honoured we, as a family, felt when he wrote and asked permission to include a portion of father's book which dealt with this subject of how the birds had been employed as missionaries and the direct results that so often were seen in the changing of men's lives. We gave him permission to use any quotation from father's book, with or without a credit line. I am sure you as a reader—and especially our United States friends—will be glad to learn that Dr. Albert M. Day realizes that the spiritual value of our bands is unique and of far greater importance even than the purely scientific, although our bands possess both attributes.

About thirty-five years ago father realizing the value of all our bird-banding records, gave them to the Canadian Fish and Wild Life Service; and since that time, each year we have added all our new records to them by giving full information received here as to when the birds are banded, and the letters reporting bands found on birds slaughtered.

In this way all our bird-banding records are made public property, available for the use of the people of all the world.

So valuable are all these records, especially in determining the flight lanes of ducks and geese, that thirteen years ago Mr. Harold Hanson, a wild life student of Wisconsin, in co-operation with the Illinois Natural History Society and ourselves, began the mammoth task of compiling all these banding records and so arranging them as to be most accessible to those desiring to use them. The job now has been completed, and all that is needed is a few thousand dollars to put the same into booklet form and distribute it free of charge to all universities and other institutions of learning where such information will do the most good for the most people.

As I look back over father's life and the activities he started, I am beginning to realize more and more what Mr. Frederick C. Lincoln meant when, at the time of father's death, he said: "Jack Miner was almost an institution." We feel that this statement, coming from Professor Lincoln, who has had charge of all the early bird-banding records for the United States government since 1921, is one of the greatest tributes ever paid to him, and is in itself evidence of the esteem in which Professor Lincoln held not only my late father but also the bird-banding feature which carried the Word of God to hunters all over this continent, and also to those of the countries of Central America, and northern South America, as well as those of Cuba, Haiti and other nearby islands. By the help of God and the countless friends of our late father in every walk of life, we sons give our land and our time, and carry on the work he so well and wisely began.



April 10, 1865 — JACK MINER — November 3, 1944

At the time of Jack Miner's death over 5,000 messages mostly in the form of Tributes reached Jack Miner's home. The following are a few of the Statements made by outstanding men and women.

THE RIGHT HONORABLE W. L. MACKENZIE KING, Prime Minister of Canada at the time of Jack Miner's death in paying his personal respect and the Country's tribute to Jack Miner said: "Jack Miner has rendered our country great services. The inspiration he has given to young and old of many lands by his life work will live after him. The great work done by our beloved Naturalist is an example of a happy combination of theory and practice with common sense applied which has made Conservation practical. Jack Miner enjoyed the good will of everybody." In Parliament of Canada one year later Mr. King in referring to Jack Miner said: "If Jack Miner had any critics, what do the critics have to show? The Jack Miner Sanctuary and Conservation efforts are not only enjoyed by the birds but by humanity."

HON. JOHN BRACKEN, M.P., Leader of the Progressive-Conservative Party in Canada, said, "Through his efforts Jack Miner has become the most famous Bird Naturalist on the continent. His Bird Sanctuary at Kingsville is the greatest achievement of its kind in North America."

HON. JOHN R. MacNICOL, M.P., "I am proud that through his great work my dear friend Jack Miner earned the right to have his name alongside of Burbank, Pasteur, Bell, Edison, Ford, Grenfell, Banting, Kelvin, Wright and others in the Book of Knowledge."

SENATOR T. A. CRERAR said, "I doubt if there is in any field of work in Canada, anyone who has rendered a greater national service than Jack Miner."

MR. J. D. DIEFENBAKER, M.P., said, "Jack Miner's career has been one of great service to mankind. Personally I will always regard the three hours spent in his company as the outstanding ones in my life."

MR. EDWARD J. JEFFRIES, JR., Mayor of Detroit, said, "I am not unmindful of the renown brought to us by Jack Miner's great work. His name and fame have been carried to many nations upon the wings of air."

SENATOR FREDERIC C. WALCOTT, President Wildlife Institute said, "Jack Miner's Sanctuary deserves to be endowed and handed down from generation to generation. It is well organized, well managed and does untold good. His example is an inspiration to all those who follow."

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS JULIANA said, "The work done by Jack Miner is of utmost value to scientists the world over, and deserves all the recognition it receives now and for all time."

THE LATE DR. HENRY VAN DYKE said, "Jack Miner, keep up the good work for God, Man and the Birds."

MR. FREDERICK C. LINCOLN, U.S. Wildlife Survey, said, "No one can replace Jack Miner as he was almost an institution."

MR. HENRY FORD, Auto Pioneer, said, "Jack Miner's companionship with the birds and his service to them have made his work known and have warmed the hearts of good people everywhere. He has taught us all that there is always something to do for one who looks for something to do."

BERNARD M. BARUCH, New York Financier, said, "Jack Miner has become a symbol of the whole world of kindness to birds and animals. His work will live after him not only in the hearts of his fellowmen, but in its attitude towards animals and particular birds."

MAJOR MAX C. FLEISCHMANN said, "Jack Miner has left behind him a name and a monument that will live forever in the thoughts of everyone who is a believer and advocate of the conservation of wild life."

HON. EARL N. OHMER (Alaska), said, "We people in Alaska wish to say that no man to our knowledge ever did so much for bird life as did Jack Miner."

THE LATE GOVERNOR ALFRED SMITH always introduced Jack Miner as "The Billy Sunday for the bird family."

THE LATE IRVIN S. COBB in his writings always referred to Jack Miner as "The greatest practical Naturalist on the planet."

EDGAR A. GUEST, the Detroit poet, always referred to Jack Miner as "the best loved Christian in America."

SENATOR HARRY B. HAWES, "One of the very best minds devoted to sane conservation was Jack Miner of Canada. He not only had a vision, but he was practical. He did things. He helped make wild life and was constructive as well as intellectually able."

COL. H. J. HEASLEY, D.S.O., President Canadian Conservation Club, "Jack Miner was a very farsighted man and his many observations on bird habits and bird life have proved so interesting to so many people. He was frequently at variance with the teaching of some of our Natural History Professors, but so frequently turned out to be right that he became to be looked upon as an authority."

HERBERT BRANDT, Ornithologist, Author, Ohio, "Never have I enjoyed a sight more inspiring than Jack Miner's geese! The show that they put on for our party will live forever in our minds, and all of us wish to thank you for your generous hospitality. What the bird lovers of America owe the Miner family, few will realize, yet it must be a source of deep satisfaction for you to know that you have contributed so much to conservation and to science. Not only is Canada to be congratulated by having such a progressive Nature student in its midst, but the whole North American continent is richer because of what the Miners have done, and we of our party wish to click our heels together and salute you doubly: first, for your remarkable sanctuary and secondly, the able manner in which you conduct your glorious enterprise."

DR. ARTHUR A. ALLAN, Professor of Ornithology, Cornell University, "I was greatly pleased with everything I saw at your Sanctuary, not only in the physical plant and the numbers of geese and ducks that were responding to your efforts and the attitude of the visitors, but especially in the sincere effort which you and your brother are putting into the project, in the hope it may continue to be the outstanding demonstration in wild life conservation in Canada."

DR. ALDO LEOPOLD, University of Wisconsin, "The Jack Miner Sanctuary is one of the pioneer refuges and has had continual influence in proving the success of the refuge idea."

LORD BENNET, former Prime Minister of Canada, "Jack Miner made a great contribution to the development of Canada."

HON. GEORGE E. SCOTT, Chicago, Past President of Izaak Walton League, "Jack Miner did a wonderful work for conservation and for the development of human sympathy which he extended not only to the birds but was an influence on the development of human character as well."

ALLAN BROOKS, Bird Artist, "I always refer to Jack Miner as one of the few sane conservationists in Canada."

SIR ROBERT BORDEN, Former Prime Minister of Canada, "Surely every Canadian and indeed every lover of nature should be grateful to Jack Miner for what he has taught us."

HON. JAY N. DARLING, Conservationist, former Chief of U.S. Wildlife Service: "Wild geese have better memories than men. It is men who forget that the Jack Miner Migratory Bird Refuge is one of the most dramatic projects for wild life that has been created in this generation. A goose that has ever been there never forgets. Isn't it strange that museums get hundreds of millions to build imposing stone buildings to fill with stuffed birds while Jack Miner's refuge to keep them alive is on a starvation diet? There really should be a monument erected to Jack Miner by the friends of wild life, and no more fitting monument could be conceived than to see that his refuge has sufficient funds to live after he is gone."

WILLIAM R. LONGSTREET, "For many years Jack Miner has increasingly enjoyed the deep respect of all thinking individuals and of governments not only in North America but the world around, greater than the respect accorded kings and princes."

EDITORIAL, Ottawa Citizen, "Not Watt but a succession of inventors made the steam engine; not Bell but many electrical experiments made the telephone. Jack Miner in this sense gave us the bird sanctuary."

EDITORIAL, Chatham, Ontario News, and 100 Canadian papers: "AN HONOR TO CANADA. The inclusion of Jack Miners' name among the fifteen great personages of the world is an honor to the man and to Canada, where this great naturalist carried on his work. Others listed are Livingstone, Shakespeare, Burbank, Pasteur, Bell, Edison, Laura Secord, Grenfell, Banting, Lord Kelvin, Churchill, George Washington, Florence Nightingale and John Bunyon. All may not agree that this is the best selection; some may prefer to delete names and add others in their place. But there can be no doubt that Jack Miner deserves such recognition, no matter on what basis a list of the world's great men were being prepared. His labor was unique, and its benefits in the conservation of wild life are incalculable. Although the man himself is dead, the inspiring record of his work must result in that work being continued with the support of private contributions and public grants."

MORE RECENT TRIBUTES SINCE JACK MINER'S DEATH

One year before Jack Miner died King George VI, King of the British Empire and King of the British Commonwealth bestowed upon Jack Miner the Order of the British Empire (O.B.E.) with a citation which read: "For the greatest achievement in Conservation in the British Empire."

On April 10, 1954, ten years after Jack Miner's death, Senator Joseph Bradette, Canadian Senate, in paying tribute to Jack Miner over a nationwide radio program said: "The European countries gave the world great sculptors, great philosophers, great musicians, but Canada gave the world its great Naturalist Jack Miner."

On April 3, 1959, Mayor Louis C. Miriani of Detroit, Michigan, in issuing a Proclamation of that city honoring Jack Miner referred to Jack Miner as "the world's greatest naturalist and founder of the sanctuary which bears his name."

On April 11, 1960, The Honorable Leslie Frost, Prime Minister of Ontario in which is located Jack Miner's home and bird sanctuary, referred to Jack Miner as "Canada's greatest Naturalist", while the Honorable Anders O. Aalborg, Minister of Education for Alberta on March 16, 1964, referred to Jack Miner as "Canada's greatest and most loved Naturalist."

On April 6, 1964, Mr. H. J. B. Gough, Dept of Education, Newfoundland, referred to Jack Miner as "Our nation's greatest Conservationist."

On April 13, 1964, The Windsor Daily Star (Ontario) speaking editorially of Jack Miner referred to Jack Miner as "the greatest Conservationist this Continent has ever known."

SENATOR JOSEPH BRADETTE in speaking in behalf of the Members of the Canadian Senate on a memorial trans Canada radio program April 10, 1954, some ten years after Jack Miner's death said: "The European Countries gave the world great sculptors, great philosophers, great musicians, but Canada gave the world its great Naturalist — Jack Miner."



JACK MINER 1865 - 1944

A noted naturalist, John Thomas Miner was born in Dover Centre, Ohio, and in 1878 settled on this property. In 1904 he established this world famous bird sanctuary, primarily for the conservation of migrating Canada geese and ducks. Five years later he began banding waterfowl to determine their subsequent movements. During his life Miner lectured extensively throughout North America on wildlife conservation. To perpetuate his work, the Jack Miner Migratory Bird Foundation was incorporated in the United States in 1931 and in Canada in 1936. Author of two books on bird life and conservation, he was awarded the O.B.E. in 1943 "for the greatest achievement in conservation in the British Empire".

Archaeological and Historic Sites Board of Ontario.

An Address delivered by Reeve Mac Simmers at the Unveiling of the Ontario Memorial Plaque Commemorating the 100th Birthday of the Late Jack Miner

MR. CHAIRMAN — HONORED GUESTS — LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

As Reeve of this township I feel this is the most important moment in my public life to welcome you to Gosfield South the home of our beloved Naturalist the late Jack Miner who was affectionately known to all of us as Uncle Jack.

In 1904 when Jack Miner was only 39 years of age he conceived the idea of The Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary as a conservation measure to conserve our wild life and to start a reforestation program by planting trees.

Today some sixty-one years later in the U. S. A. patterned off this Kingsville Wild Life Refuge are some 288 wild life refuges consisting of seventeen million acres. Truly Jack Miner was the pioneer in this field of endeavor.

One year before he died The King of England bestowed upon him the Order of the British Empire with a citation which read: "For the greatest achievement in Conservation in the British Empire."

Today we are standing where not only Jack Miner walked but where his life work was so unique and important that it attracted the outstanding men of the world. To name a few who were frequent visitors and became close friends of Jack Miner were:—In the field of sport I name TY COBB; in the field of industry I name HENRY FORD who spent many days and nights as guest of Jack Miner; in the field of manufacturing I name W. K. KELLOGG, the Corn Flake King; in the field of aviation I mention CAPTAIN EDDIE RICKENBACKER; in the field of merchandising I name STANLEY KRESGE; in the field of finance I name MR. R. B. MELLON; as an industrialist I name Cleveland's FRED CRAWFORD; in the field of religion I name "BILLY" SUNDAY the great evangelist, also DR. FRANK BUCHMAN of Moral Re-Armament fame; in the field of industry, MR.

CYRUS EATON, the Cleveland Industrialist; in the field of sport, MR. "BUNNY" AUSTIN, the world champion tennis player. The guest register in his home is full of such names which includes all the Provincial Prime Ministers since Sir James Whitney and all Michigan Governors dating back to Pingree; also Canada's Prime Ministers dating back to Sir Wilfred Laurier.

When Jack Miner died the U. S. newspapers rated him the fifth best known man on the continent. Preceding him they named Ford, Edison, Lindbergh and Rickenbacker.

In 1956 some twelve years after Jack Miner's death thirty-three official delegates of the United Nations made their way to his home which made history because as these world leaders left his sanctuary the leader of the party announced they had made history because never did a group of thirty United Nations delegates go in a body and make a special trip to any one place, not even to the White House.

In closing my remarks I would like to express my appreciation to the Essex County Historical Society and the Ontario Archives Dept., Toronto, for their thoughtfulness and farsightedness in erecting this marker on such a historical occasion on this the Jack Miner Centennial year—the 100th birthday of Jack Miner.

Last but not least but personally and on behalf of each and every citizen of this township which I represent I want to express our thanks and appreciation for the efforts put forth by Jack Miner's sons who have so ably filled the shoes of their late father in carrying on this conservation work which has turned out to be one of Canada's greatest tourist attractions and has made his hometown Kingsville known throughout the civilized world. I thank you. MAC SIMMERS,

Reeve of Gosfield South Township in which is located The Jack Miner Wild Life Refuge.